McKean County Miner.

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$7,000,000 FIRE IN STATE CAPITOL AT ALBANY

New York's State House Badly Damaged Yesterday

ORIGIN OF THE FIRE IS UNKNOWN

Blaze Due to Defective Insulation or a Cigar Butt, But Nobody Knows Which—Much Delay Was Experienced in Getting Streams on the Flames—Records Destroyed.

Albany, N. Y., March 29.—A large section of New York's $27,000,000 capitol is in ruins to-night. Only the spectral walls remain. They represent a loss of $7,000,000 which resulted from flames that swept through the magnificent structure for nine hours to-day.

Nearly all the State officials except the governor and secretary of state have been driven out. Three companies of State militia are in charge to-night, for martial law has been declared. Blue coated sentries are patrolling capitol park and the adjacent thoroughfares. Other sentries are pacing through the water-soaked, dripping corridors of the building.

Engines are still pumping water upon the debris of the million dollars' worth of books, treasures and archives which until 3 o'clock this morning decorated the State library and which ranked as the sixth largest in the world.

The celebrated million-dollar staircase, once emblazoned with the medallions of at least a half hundred famous men, warped and broken, lies under a heap of torn and twisted girders and portions of the giant towers and charred sections of the red steel roofs, which covered the west end of the capitol. From this mass of tangled wreckage, flaws of smoke from tons of half burned books flare up fitfully.

The firemen, who have been working steadily since 3 o'clock this morning, were still on duty in reliefs at midnight. Several were overcome by smoke during the day and the clang of the ambulance bell as it rolled over the pavement to the hospital was no uncommon thing. Reports that a watchman had been burned to death are untrue.

The origin of the fire is a mystery, although [illegible] had [illegible] to a [illegible] in solution.

The fire started in the assembly chamber where the Democratic caucus was in session until 1 o'clock this morning. At least one man were in and about the assembly chamber and near the assembly library. Assemblyman Levy, chairman of the judiciary committee which meets in the assembly library, said to-day that for seven or days the wires in his room have been out of order and he feared to go near the switchboard lest he receive a shock.

The fire was discovered by a watchman whose shouts were heard by several reporters at work in the capitol at the time. All hands rushed to the assembly parlor and found a large desk ablaze and fire in one of the book shelves. There was no fire fighting apparatus and a fire alarm was turned in.

It was 25 minutes before the fire was discovered, according to those there at the time, before the fire department arrived and at least 40 minutes before water was turned on.

By this time the room was a mass of flames. They leaped in every direction. In a few minutes they had eaten through the roof and were leaping a dozen feet from the windows.

As if by magic the fire swept through the entire western reach of the building and soon faint flickerings in the southwest tower and adjoining rooms burst into a perfect furnace. It took herculean efforts on the part of the firemen to keep the flames from the Senate chamber.

On the assembly side they were not so successful. The clerks' room and the various executive offices in the rear of this chamber were burned to the stone settings. The assembly chamber was one topsy turvy mass of overturned chairs and tables while the mahogany ceiling that replaced the once famous "Billy" Sheehan paper mache ceiling was burned in a score of places.

During the early morning the tops of both towers fell inward with great crashes and soon afterwards the huge chandeliers in the assembly chamber fell.

State Architect Ware, after looking the building over declared that the loss to the building alone would amount to $5,000,000, but that he could get the Senate and Assembly chambers ready for occupancy by Monday next. In the meantime there is talk of a week's adjournment until the proper repairs can be made.

Governor Dix to-night said: "The loss of the State library is a national loss. The fire is an appalling disaster. Fortunately some of the most valuable papers in the library were saved."

Commissioner of Education Andrew S. Draper said to-night:

"The destruction of the State library alone means a loss to the State of at least $2,000,000. The books could hardly be replaced for less than one million and a half of dollars. We could hardly restore the photographic plates for less than a half million dollars. Two hundred and fifty thousand priceless gifts relating to the history of New York were also destroyed. The value of these are incalculable."

A BOY TERRIBLY INJURED.

Explosive Material Found at the Driving Park Tore Off One of Perry Humphrey's Hands.

Between 5 and 6 o'clock Saturday afternoon Perry Humphrey, the 14-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Humphrey, of No. 348 Congress street, had one of his hands so badly injured by the explosion of a bottle of powder which he was carrying, that amputation was required. The surgical work was done at the Bradford hospital. The explosion tore the lad's hand into shreds.

The Humphrey boy was one of a party of young lads who had found a bottle containing powder which had been left over from a pyrotechnical exhibition at the driving park. The explosive material had been found by the boys and they were playing with it when the explosion occurred.

Other boys in the party received several painful lacerations, but young Humphrey sustained the brunt of the explosion. It is a wonder he was not killed. In addition to a shattered hand, particles of glass cut him in several places. Pieces of the smashed bottle containing the powder were removed from his legs as he lay upon the operating table Dr. McCallum had charge of the case.—Bradford Era.

NOT GUILTY.

Mrs. Dean of Olean Acquitted on Charge of Murdering Her Sister.

[illegible] N. Y., the jury in the case of Mrs. Martha Dean of Olean, charged with murdering her sister, Miss Mary O'Connor, in their home in Olean, brought in a verdict of not guilty. This was not a surprise to most of the people who attended the trial. The absence of a "sufficient motive" and the element of "reasonable doubt" made possible by the testimony of Mrs. Dean's son in relation to the hammer with which the crime was alleged to have been committed, are said to have influenced the jury.

It is a certainty that someone murdered Miss O'Connor. She was hammered on the head with a blunt instrument. Her skull was crushed so deeply that the flat part of a hammer fitted into the indentation made by the instrument of death. Who committed the murder may never be made known, as Mrs. Dean, the only other member of the family in the house at the time says she does not know and that she thought that her sister had fallen and this fact injuries that caused her death.

ELECT OFFICERS.

Red Men Hold Meeting Monday Night—Will Change Meeting Place.

Last Monday evening the local order of Red Men held an interesting meeting at Holder hall. Officers were elected for the ensuing term as follows: Prophet, J. W. Pickersgill; sachem, Fred Hewitt; senior sagamore, John Saulpaugh; junior sagamore, Wm. Halpenny; Chief of Records, L. K. Hogarth; Keeper of Wampum, A. A. Abbey; trustee, W. A. Ostrander; representative to Great Council of Pennsylvania, W. B. Hopper; alternate, Thomas Clark.

At this meeting it was decided that the tribe would again take up their old Hunting Grounds in the Odd Fellows building, and on Monday, April 10, the first meeting will be held there, at which time the Deputy Great Sachem will raise up the new chiefs, and a banquet will follow. All members are urged to be present.

Subscribe for The Miner.

THE SUSPECTED TRAMP IS NOT CHAS. NIEBEL

New Jersey Officials Satisfied He is Not the Murderer

HE IS RETICENT ABOUT HIS PAST

County Detectives Cherry and Jones Unable to Get Him to Tell of His Past History—Reason for Guarding His Secret Unknown—Will be Liberated as Soon as He Recovers from Attack of Rheumatism.

At last it has been decided that the tramp who was picked up in a boiler house near Bradford a week ago last Friday, suffering with rheumatism, and sent to the County Home under the name of J. H. Williams, is not Charles Niebel, who killed his wife at Winslow, N. J., in July, 1909.

As stated in The Miner last week John Cherry, county detective of Camden county, N. J., accompanied by Albert R. Norcross of Winslow, N. J., who was a neighbor of Charles Niebel, came here last Thursday morning to establish the identity of the tramp supposed to be Charles Niebel. At the time of their arrival County Detective Jones was out of town so they were accompanied by Sheriff Morrison and The Miner editor to the County Home. As soon as Mr. Norcross saw Williams he stated that he was reasonably sure he was not Niebel and after looking him over carefully he was fully convinced that he was not the man, although he resembled him in a good many ways.

During this time Detective Cherry questioned Williams as to his past life, but Williams was not in a reminiscent mood and dodged every question asked him. He did admit that he was born and raised in Albany, N. Y., and that he had been a knight of the road for nearly forty years. This story must be a trifle overdrawn for he does not look to be much over forty years of age. Every question asked by the detective regarding what he had done in all these years was skillfully dodged, except he did state that he had at one time worked on a line of boats out of Buffalo. He absolutely refused to name a person he knew in his former boyhood home and would give no information as to whether he had [illegible] or relatives [illegible]. He also said that he did not want to [illegible] in the Albany papers that he had been suspected of a crime like that.

A woman who had formerly known Niebel went in and took a look at the man while Detective Cherry was there and she said that she did not think it was the wife-murderer, although the resemblance was strong.

On Friday the 19-year-old son of Niebel of Kane and another man from that place came to see the suspect on the order of the authorities of New Jersey, who did not propose to make any mistake. The boy said the man was not his father and the man corroborated the statement.

Mr. Norcross stated to the writer, after he had finished his interview of the tramp, who calls himself J. H. Williams, that he was fully satisfied that he was not the man. He said that the color of his eyes and his complexion and hair did not tally with Niebel and further that this man had irregular teeth while Niebel's teeth were unusually even and well kept. Niebel was a taller man although about the same build and resembled him a great deal in facial expression.

Detective Cherry and Mr. Norcross being satisfied that he was not the man they wanted, returned home on Friday. And Williams will probably be given his liberty as soon as he has sufficiently recovered from his attack of rheumatism to be able to travel.

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8 improved vacant lots at Crosby, Pa. 2 show cases, 1 money drawer, paper rack and counter. House and 3 acres of land situated between Crosby and Colegove, Pa., with other buildings.

VOLNEY F. DUNBAR,
Feb.2-12t Portville, N. Y.

Edinboro Normal begins its Spring Session March 28, 1911. A number of courses are offered to prospective teachers. Catalog will be sent on application. John F. Bigler, Prin. 1t

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Wire Fence.

Daly & Garlick have just received a car load of wire fence which they are offering at very low prices. Mar.23-2t

GOOD ROADS TRAIN.

Was At P. R. R. Depot, and a Large Crowd Was Present.

Tuesday, March 28, the good roads train was at the P. R. R. station at East Smethport, from noon until 3 o'clock. The train consisted of two flat cars on which were implements for the making of roads—stone crushers, road drags, scrapers, etc.; an exhibition coach in which there were exhibits of roads, different kinds of rock and imitations of the different systems of road-making that are most generally used; a coach used as a lecture coach in which a stereoptican was placed which is used in illustrating the lectures, and a coach for the accomodation of the instructors.

Every one who heard the three talks, two of which were illustrated, could not help but be benefitted, for the speakers were well versed in the way of making roads and their maintenance.

The following men are on the train: J. H. Dodge, road expert, Pennsylvania State college; D. H. Winslow, superintendent of road construction in the United States office of roads; Col. J. A. Woodward, in charge of the lecture work of the force; J. A. Gephart and R. V. Haas of the State highway department; H. C. Wells, superintendent of the highway department of the U. S. office of roads; D. A. Isenberg, instructor of engineering at Pennsylvania State college, and W. G. Bower, assistant in engineering at the above mentioned institution.

When Col. Woodward began his explanatory speech the coach was filled. This well known man said that there were four great forces that made the train possible: The Pennsylvania railroad, the federal government, the State of Pennsylvania and State College, who are combining to spread the gospel of good roads. In the course of his remarks he said that the country roads are not what they ought to be and it is a painful situation. The townships have not the financial, numerical strength or [illegible] ability to make better roads, but as good roads are a public matter, the present bill before the State legislature proposing the bonding of the State for $50,000,000 to be used for the building, immediately of 5,000 miles of macadam roads in this State each county to have its share—every voter who has this State at heart should write immediately to his representatives and senator in the general assembly urging the passage of this bill.

Mr. Winslow then gave an illustrated [illegible] of what he said that Pennsylvania was [illegible] of all the States in the Union on the proper kind of roads with the pays the second largest [illegible] of money. He showed the value of wide wagon tires instead of the narrow ones. The illustrations were very interesting and the speaker presented the truths in a very forceful manner.

Mr. Gephart, of the State highway department, talked on the work that is being done in this state. Many poor roads were transformed into good ones by the use of the split-log drag, which is inexpensive and easily made. The talk was very interesting and beneficial to those present.

At 3 o'clock the train left for Port Allegany where it made its last stop on the trip.

POMONA GRANGE.

The regular meeting of the McKean County Pomona Grange will be held in Eldred on April 5th. The following program will be carried out:

11:00 a. m.—Business session.
12:00—Dinner.
1:30 p. m.—Business session.
2:30—Open meeting.
Song—Grange Melodies, No. 62.
Address of Welcome—C. Brazee, Master of Eldred Grange.
Response—Mrs. Mary D. Howden.
Discussion—Reciprocity, opened by O. W. Abbey.
Reminiscences of Early Days—Mrs. Maria Carter.
Singing—Coryville Quartette.
Discussion—Good Roads Bill, opened by E. A. Studholme.
Recitation—Mrs. O. W. Abbey.
Select Reading—Mrs. W. P. Beckwith.
Solo—Mrs. J. C. Goding.
Discussion—The New School Code, opened by A. L. Larson.
Address—E. S. Bayard, editor National Stockman and Farmer.
7:00 p. m.—Open in Fifth degree.
Business meeting.
Conferring degree of Pomona.
8:30—Open meeting.
Literary program—Eldred Grange.

Mrs. Caroline Washburn has a quantity of loose hay to sell at her barn in Stickles Hollow. Mar.23-2t-pd

NEW YORK HORROR ENDS LIVES OF 141

The Victims, Chiefly, Were Young Girls and Women

FACTORY BUILDING DESTROYED

When Fire Started in a Ten-Story Building Saturday Afternoon Escape From the Flames Meant, to Many, a Leap From the Windows and Death on the Pavement Below—Elevators Saved Many, But Flames Soon Interferred—Gross Negligence on the Part of Officials is Charged.

New York, March 26.—The horrors of the fire in the ten-story loft building at Washington Place and Greene street late Saturday afternoon with its heavy toll of human lives, grows thicker with each succeeding day.

Police figures place the number of dead at 141, that number of bodies having been received at the improvised morgue on the pier of the Charities Department at the foot of East Twenty-Sixth street.

Eighty-seven bodies had been identified up to midnight. Of this number 16 were men. The women whose bodies have been identified were mostly young girls, one of them a child of 14.

Another was a girl of 15. Six were 16 years old, 12 were 17, 13 were 18, 12 were 19, nine were 20 and seven were 21 years old.

Trapped on two floors of a burning factory building supposedly of modern fire-proof construction, more than a thousand persons had the choice of probable death by fire or by jumping to the stone pavements below. Of those who jumped, three [illegible]

[illegible]

Others managed to reach the street by means of the stairways and two of the four elevators with which the building was equipped. The remainder perished miserably, while firemen and spectators raged impotently on the street powerless to do anything.

Strong men wept while others stormed to and fro striving vainly to do something for those who were beyond human aid. The building is a ten-story structure located on the north [illegible] corner of Washington Place and Green street.

Because of the fact that it is located in what is known as the high pressure zone, where an unlimited supply of water is always available and its exterior was brick and stone, there was only one fire escape on it. This is what is called an "inside exit," and only reached to the seventh floor. The interior stairways were narrow as they were seldom used.

The three upper floors of the building were occupied by the Triangle Waist company, manufacturers of women's shirt waists, cloaks, etc.

The lower floors are occupied by a miscellaneous collection of manufacturing firms. The Triangle Company employed 750 persons, most of them were women and young girls.

It was shortly after 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon when 50 students in the Professional School of New York University, which fronts on University Place, were startled by the crash of falling glass.

Instantaneously there was a rush to the street and as the youths reached there they saw the first body come swirling down. It was that of a young girl, apparently not more than 17 years of age. Her clothing was on fire and as she struck the stone pavement her head was crushed.

One after the other, ten others jumped while the people in the street gazed in helpless horror.

When the first piece of fire apparatus reached the scene every window on the eighth, ninth and tenth floors was filled with shrieking men and women, some begging for help while others were praying. The eighth floor windows were pouring out smoke and flame while framed in them were both men and women who, as they realized that they must choose between two modes of death for the most part jumped. The clothing on nearly every body that struck the pavement was afire and in some cases before they finally dropped, it had been burned almost completely off.

The first engine company on the scene rushed with a canvass life net directly under the main entrance and the captain in charge shouted to those above to keep cool and jump one at a time. But the frenzied people either could not understand or the heat was too fierce and three persons jumped at the same instant. The impact of the bodies tore the net into shreds rendering it useless.

A big extension truck rolled up to the structure and the ladder was swung into place and hurriedly raised. A groan from both firemen and the terrified spectators went up as it was seen that the ladder reached only to midway between the sixth and seventh floors.

Two firemen grasped scaling ladders and [illegible]

(Continued on Page 8.)

McKEAN COUNTY FAIR.

A Letter to the Boys and Girls of McKean County.

Dear Boys and Girls of McKean County:—It is time we began to prepare for our annual county fair. While we made but a small beginning in our Juvenile Department last year, that beginning was conceded by all to be a success.

This year we went to go far beyond our effort of last year, and to this end the fair association have reduced the entrance fee for exhibits for those under 16 years of ago to 50c, so you will all be better able to help in making our department what it ought to be. We want to furnish our booth so well that it will hurry the older ones to keep pace with us, and we can do it if we try. The Association will give us all the room we can use, and be glad to do it. They are doing all in their power to make the fair second to none. Let us do our part as well and begin at once to prepare for it. Plan what you will grow in your gardens, and above all things let us have an abundance of flowers, they will add much attractiveness to the booth—and boys can grow them as well as girls.

There is no end to the things girls can do: fancy work, baking, canning fruit, sewing. These are accomplishments every girl should [illegible]

[illegible] State Master W. T. Creasy of Pennsylvania State Grange, has promised that the State Grange will give a diploma, suitable for framing, to any boy or girl who wins first premium at the county fair this fall, who won a diploma at their Grange fair last fall. So you see that not only the Fair Association, but the State Grange as well, is anxious and ready to help you in your efforts for success and with [illegible] to every [illegible] to make our [illegible] for re-

[illegible] Boys and girls, do your part, and I will agree, all [illegible] surprise ourselves at what [illegible] accomplish if we all will together, and pull hard.

Sincerely,
MARY D. HOWDEN.
Supt. Juvenile Dept.

PT. ALLEGANY SHOOTING AFFRAY

William Knapp Wounded in a Fight on Old Fair Grounds.

From the Port Allegany papers we learn that there was a lively time at the old fair grounds over their place a week ago Saturday night, which resulted in Will or Knapp getting shot in the arm and Ned Welsh and Dore Chandler were considerably battered up.

As the story goes Chandler and a couple of friends went up there to see Maude Cole, who resides with Welsh in that locality. They were refused admission and the trouble started. Knapp who lives nearby and another neighbor named William Davis came over and took a hand, and during the mixup Davis shot Knapp through the arm with a revolver.

Welsh had Knapp arrested for assault and battery which was settled on payment of costs. Chandler was charged with surety of the peace and his case was settled. Davis was arrested on a charge of shooting Knapp with intent to kill, and his bond for appearance at court was fixed at $300. While looking for a bondsman he managed to give the officer the slip and has not been seen or heard of since.

Maude Cole is a Potter county product with a past. She was the central figure in the case where John Ripple was killed by a man named Robinson in a disorderly house in Austin last summer and she has figured in several other criminal cases in that vicinity.

Lost.

Nose glasses, gold chain attached and in leather case, between Brasted's bakery and Sheridan Gorton's home. Finder will be rewarded by returning to Sheridan Gorton.

INSURANCE!

Life, Fire & Accident

——WRITTEN BY——

W. F. SPECHT,

Smethport, Pa.

In good reliable companies

The Sky-Man

By

Henry Ketchell Webster

Illustrations by Chas. W. Rosser

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Unwinged.

For awhile she stayed just where she was, her head cradled against his shoulder, but, presently, she stood erect once more, pulled off one of her heavy gauntlets, and with her bare palm pressed the tears out of her eyes.

"You aren't strong enough yet to be used as the support for a really good cry," Her voice was shaky and her speech uneven. There were still some little half suppressed sobs in it. But she turned her face again towards the southern horizon. "If that's the army wig-wag I ought to be able to read it. Tom taught it to me years ago. Perhaps—perhaps it is he who is signaling now."

"Was there a search-light on the Aurora?" Philip asked. "I didn't notice when I saw her." He tried to make the question sound casual, but his voice was hardly steadier than hers.

"Oh, yes," she said. "It was one of the things we laughed at Uncle Jerry for insisting upon, but he insisted just the same. It's a very powerful light, Philip," she said suddenly, after a little silence, "is it not plain impossible, that that we see over there? You know you said, and father said in his journal, that there was no possibility of a relief in the winter. Philip—Philip, isn't it madness—is it the ice madness?"

But before he could answer they heard a rifle-shot ring out in the still air.

"No," he cried, "the long wait is over. Thank God they are here. Fire, Jeanne! Fire the revolver! Let them know they are in time." His lips trembled and tears glistened in his eyes. It was lying under her hand. There were only three cartridges left, but she fired them all into the air. Then, almost before the echo from the cliff behind them had died away, they heard a dim hail in a human voice—a voice that broke sharply as if the shout had ended in a sob.

"It's Tom," she said.

"Call out! It's your voice he'll want to hear." But it was a moment before she could command it. She called his name twice, and then a third time, with a different inflection, for a long, leaping flicker of firelight had revealed a little knot of figures rounding one of the great ice-crags that covered the frozen harbor. One figure, a little in advance of the others, dashed forward at a run. Jeanne sprang to meet him.

For a little while Cayley stood hesitating before the fire, just where Jeanne, in her impulsive rush toward their rescuers, had left him, then slowly, he followed her.

The party on the ice was moving landward again. Even at Philip's slow pace, the distance between them was narrowing. Jeanne and young Fanshaw were coming on ahead. He saw her stop suddenly and throw an arm around the man's neck. She was laughing and crying all at once, and there were tears in the man's eyes, too. Philip expected that. He knew that Fanshaw loved her. His memory of that fact was all that redeemed his memory of their encounter on the Aurora's deck.

"He Was a Dark-Haired, Dark-Eyed Handsome Young Man."

But, what he did not expect, was to see Fanshaw suddenly release himself from the girl's embrace and come straight toward him. That was not the most surprising thing—not that nor the hand which Fanshaw was holding out to him. It was the look in the young man's face.

There was a powerful emotion working there, but no sign of any conflict, no resistance, no reluctance. It was the face of a man humble in the presence of a miracle. He stripped off his gauntlet and gripped Cayley's hand. It was a moment before he could speak.

"It's only just now," he said, "now that I see you here together, that I find it hard to believe. Because I've known all along that you were here with her, keeping her alive until we could get back to her. I've been the only one who has had any hope at all, and with me it's been a certainty rather than a hope. It's as if I had seen you here, together. I've seen you so a thousand times, but now, that I do actually, with my own eyes, it's hard to . . ." His voice broke there. There was a moment of silence, then he went on: "You must try to forgive us, Cayley—me, in particular, for I'm the one who needs it most. We know the truth of that old story now. No, it wasn't Jeanne who told, it was poor Hunter himself, in a letter. He had written it long ago, and it was among his papers. I want you to read it sometime. I think, perhaps, when you do you will be able to forgive him, too."

"That's done already," said Philip. "No, not long ago—within the last few hours. Come, shall we go back to the fire? I suppose we had better wait for another moonrise before we try to get to the Aurora."

It was six months later, a blazing, blue July day, when the gunboat Yorktown lifted North Head, the northern portal of the Golden Gate. Tom Fanshaw and his father had gone to the bridge, but Philip and Jeanne, the other two passengers, remained unmoved by the announcement, seated as far aft as possible, the ensign, limp in the following breeze, fluttering just over their heads.

Looking up, they saw one of the junior officers standing close beside them. He was a dark-haired, dark-eyed, good-looking youngster, whose frank adoration of Jeanne ever since they had come aboard had amused the Fanshaws and secretly pleased and touched Philip, although he pretended to be amused, too.

They both rose and lounged back against the rail as he came up.

"Glad to be nearly home, Mr. Caldwell?" said Jeanne. "You navy people regard any port in the States as home, don't you?"

"Oh, I'd be glad enough of a month's shore leave," he said, "if it weren't this particular voyage. I mean—if it didn't mean that we are going to lose you."

She gave him a friendly little smile, but made no other answer. He turned to Philip.

"I'll have to confess," he said, "to the rudest sort of inquisitive curiosity about the strange-looking bundle you brought aboard with you from the Aurora. It looks like some primitive Eskimo's attempt to build a flying-machine."

"It is something like that," said Philip. "If you'll have it brought up here on deck I'll open it out to you."

The young fellow's pleasure was almost boyish. "I'll have it brought at once," he said.

The breeze was straight behind them and just about strong enough to compensate for the speed of the vessel, and the air on deck was quite still. With the boy's puzzled assistance Philip spread his wings for the first time since that night when he had dived off the cliff-head to go in pursuit of Roscoe. The recollection was almost painfully vivid, and as he looked into Jeanne's face he saw the same memory mirrored there.

But young Caldwell soon brought them back to the present. He was no longer embarrassed or shy, deferential. Aerial navigation was, apparently, a subject he knew all about. He criticised the shape of the planes, the material they were made of, the curve of this, the dip of that—all in the tone of an expert—and by way of summing up, he said:

"It's rather pitiful, isn't it? In a way any primitive thing always affects me—like old locomotives they have in museums. Somebody, probably, believed once that that would fly. I hope he didn't believe it seriously enough to give it a real trial."

"You don't think it would work, then?" asked Philip.

The young man laughed. "Dear me, no," he said. "It couldn't work."

"At any rate," said Philip, "it's an amusing curiosity."

"Oh, yes, indeed, yes," the young man assented, cordially. "I wish it were mine. Only I wouldn't try to fly with it."

His duties called him away then rather suddenly, and Philip was left to furl his wings alone. From the process he looked up into Jeanne's face.

"Why, Jeanne!" Her eyes were bright, bright with unshed tears, and there was a little flush of bright color in her cheeks.

"Oh, I know," she said, with an unsteady laugh, "it's absurd to be indignant, but I wished—oh, how I wished, when he was so patronizing and so sure, that you might have slipped your arms into their places and gone curving, circling up, all gold and gleaming, into the air. I knew you wouldn't, but I hoped you would."

"Jeanne, dear," he said, "you'll remember that always—my flight, I mean. But, sometimes you'll get to wondering if it isn't the memory of a dream. And then you'll go and find those old wings in an attic, somewhere, and stroke them with your hands, the way you did that night when I furled them first upon the ice-floe beside you."

She looked at him quickly, wide-eyed.

"What do you mean, Philip? Not that—not that I'm never to see you fly again?"

He nodded.

"Somehow, up there, with all the world below me, it never seemed real. Even you never seemed real, who were the only real thing in all the world. The earth was only a spinning ball, and there were no such thing as men. I wasn't a man myself, up there, not even—even after you had brought me back to life and given me a soul again. Somehow, to be a man one has to wear the shackles of mankind. I can't explain it better than that, but I know it's true."

For a long time she searched his face in silence.

"You used to seem a spirit rather than a man to me," she said, "when I would lie watching you soaring there above me. And now—now it's I who brought you down."

"Do you remember how I told you once that a man like your father was worth a whole Paradise of angels? Well, I want to be a man, Jeanne, as near as possible such a man as he was. And I want to walk beside you always."

A shift of wind from astern overtook them and the great ensign flapped forward, screening them for a moment where they stood, from the view of the rest of the deck. With a sudden passion of understanding she clasped him close and kissed him.

THE END.

SHOWER OF LITTLE FISHES

"Great Guns," Is What Passengers and Crew Said When the Rain Descended.

"Great guns," is what the officers and passengers and crew said to themselves and to one another when it rained little fishes. They were on a steamer that runs between New York and Galveston, Tex., and they were sailing across the Gulf of Mexico, about 200 miles from Galveston, when they ran into a region of waterspouts. Waterspouts are not unheard-of things. There have been some on the great lakes not far from Chicago within the past few years, but you can always be sure that something is going to happen when you see waterspouts. They start in whirlwinds that pull the water up to the sky. It is not the best thing in the world for a steamer to run into one, and so the captain of this particular steamer tried his best to keep out of their way. In avoiding the rest he ran his boat squarely into the path of one of them, and it went to pieces over the deck. There was a flood as if the gulf had been turned upside down, and for several minutes the water continued to fall from the sky in a solid mass. With it came fish of all kinds and of various sizes. They had been sucked up as most persons have seen rubbish taken up from the ground by the tiny whirlwinds that run across city pavements and country fields in summer. They fell and fell until the deck of the steamer looked as if it were a wharf where fishermen tie up their boats. It is scarcely necessary to say that there was fish for supper that evening.

WHY PRICE OF FURS IS HIGH

Manifold Handling Enhances the Cost Many Times Over Their Original Price.

The Siberian peasants, hunters and trappers of animals for fur in the vast marshy forests of Siberia have appealed through their communal village associations to their Russo-English board of trade and chamber of commerce with the request to extend to them some assistance in the establishment of immediate and direct trade relations with the English buyers of fur goods. The complaint is that they are completely dependent on the small buyer-up man and the forestallers, to whom they are compelled to sell for a trifle sable and other valuable and rare furs. These small buyer-up men and various middlemen sell goods later on to other dealers, and so on, until finally the furs are sold at Nishni-Novgorod and Moscow, for the resale again to the representatives of the large Leipzig firms, who, in turn dispose of them in the English market. The manifold handling of furs enhances their price greatly, so that by the time they reach the English purchaser the prices are colossal as compared with their original cost.

Improving Tone of Violin.

Violin making is an ancient art, yet new things may be learned about it. Two makers of musical instruments, one in Brussels, the other in Boston, have recently announced their belief that the material of an instrument has nothing to do with its tone.

One of them made experiments only with wind instruments, but the other tried innovations in violins and violoncellos, substituting tin and aluminum for post and bridge, with an actual improvement in tone. It is his belief that distribution of mass is far more important to good tone than the material used. This theory is contrary to all previous opinions on the subject, and if true will wipe out much of the romance of the search for and treasuring of old violin timber.—Youth's Companion.

A Premature Courtship

It Occurred When the Girl Was Part Child, and It Had to Be Done Over

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

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"Tim," said Norman Fisk to his friend, Timothy Forman, "I wish you would do me a favor. I must be absent from home on business for a month. I don't like to leave an old woman and a little girl in the house alone, and I'd like you to at least sleep there while I'm gone, though if you like you can eat there as well."

Fisk was forty-five and Forman thirty-four. They were chums, Fisk being a widower, Forman an "old bach." Fisk's household consisted, besides himself, of his aunt, an old lady of sixty-five, and his daughter, Maud, still in school.

"Certainly, old man," replied Forman. "I'll sleep there anyway. It won't be necessary for me to spend my evenings there, will it?"

"Not at all. Blanche usually studies her lessons in the evening, and my aunt goes to sleep over her knitting."

"Your house is only a few blocks from the club," said the other, dismayed at the picture.

"Just so, and I'll see that you get a latchkey. You can go in as late as you like."

The first night Mr. Forman went to his friend's house at 9 o'clock. True enough, there was the old lady dosing over her knitting and a girl in short dresses sitting at a table with a globe lamp on it studying her lessons. The girl looked up at Forman with an expression on her face indicating more interest in his coming to spend some time with them than mere protection warranted. Her glance told him that it would not be entirely safe to treat her absolutely as a schoolgirl. Her aunt woke up and welcomed the custodian, but the girl said never a word.

The next few evenings Forman spent at his club. Then one morning leaving the house Blanche went out at the same time with a pile of school-books under her arm. They walked on together, but it didn't occur to Forman to offer to carry her books for her till she remarked that they were very heavy. When he left her at a corner and returned them she gave him a look of gratitude.

"DIDN'T YOU ENJOY IT ALL, TOO?"

Blanche at recess informed her bosom friend, a girl about her own age, that she had had a grown man to walk to school with her. She had pretended that her books were heavy because she wished to be treated like a young lady. She was not sure whether she would fall in love with her escort or not. He certainly seemed very nice. True he was a little old for her, but a fortune teller had told her that she would marry a man twice her age.

The next evening Mr. Forman came in rather early—10 o'clock—being tired and sleepy. He found the schoolgirl with a pack of cards before her playing solitaire. With a pout on her young lips and a knitting of her smooth brows she said:

"Oh, I can't work this out. Won't you help me, Mr. Forman?"

Forman sat down opposite her. From that moment she ceased to be interested in the cards, except for a pretext, prattling to him and endeavoring to appear like a young lady.

"How old would you take me for, Mr. Forman?"

"Fourteen perhaps a year older."

"Oh, dear, you are far out of the way. I'll be seventeen next month."

"You don't mean it!"

"Are you a believer in platonic affection, Mr. Forman?"

"I never thought about it. Are you?"

"It's dangerous. The least thing is liable to break down the platonic and bring about the true love."

"What do you mean by the least thing?"

"Well, an act of kindness or of sacrifice; a touch of the hand; a kiss."

"Good gracious! You talk very queer for a"—

"Oh, yes; I know you consider me a kid. You forget I'll be seventeen next month, and eighteen is legal age for a woman."

Forman remembered a time when he had considered a girl of eighteen in her prime and one of twenty-two passé. Then he thought how nice it would seem to be back in those youthful days. How much he had lost by coming to middle age. And here was a girl who was plainly indicating that she wished to be considered a companionable person for him. Wouldn't it be fine if he could go back a dozen years and she could go forward a few years, and he could love her and she could love him, and he could get rid of his wretched club life and all that?

The next evening Forman, who had received a letter from Fisk, made a point of it to go to the house to tell Blanche that he had heard from her father. "Take good care of my little girl" was the injunction, and Forman made himself believe that it was incumbent upon him to afford her some amusement, so he asked her aunt if he might take Blanche to the theater. Permission was given and tickets secured for a Friday night, when the girl would not be obliged to go to school the next day and could therefore sleep late.

Blanche wore the dress with the longest skirt in her possession and put on all her finery, including a number of gold and silver bangles. She looked very pretty and, more than that, wore on her face a youthful expectation that was fast fading from her escort. She had been to a theater but once or twice in her life, while the drama was an old story with him. But in his companion's enjoyment he found a new sensation. The theater, the players, many of them "mouthing their words" and overacting, were to her real persons, their joys and sorrows real emotions, while the hero and heroine seemed to be enacting her own feelings.

Forman, blaze himself, sat regarding his companion with infinite satisfaction. When he felt her arm against his own a thrill ran through him. When she turned her face toward his, looking for a companionable appreciation of some noble sentiment expressed by one of the actors, he smiled good naturedly and sympathetically. Then when the curtain fell he took her where they could get an ice, which to her was more than a canvasback duck to one who had been satiated. And that night Blanche went to sleep dreaming that Forman was the hero and she the heroine in the play that had been enacted. As for Forman, he sank to slumber thinking about the pretty young thing who had sat beside him at the theater.

Forman passed the next evening at his club. Saturday night is gala night at most clubs and there were plenty of his companions there to keep him company. But somehow the evening dragged. At billiards the face of Blanche was always interposing itself between him and the object ball. At bridge he lost because he couldn't keep his mind on the game. And so it was in whatever he did. When he went home to the house he was guarding he felt relieved because he was under the same roof with the girl who had thrust herself unbidden into his thoughts. His club life seemed more unsatisfactory to him than ever.

One morning Forman woke up conscious of the fact that he was drifting into an equivocal position. His friend had asked him to look out for his home and the two people in it during his absence. What had he been doing? Turning the head of that friend's daughter, not quite seventeen years old. In this Forman was wrong. It was not he who was turning the girl's head, but she who was turning his head. At any rate there was something very delightful between them. How would he meet his friend when he returned? Then suddenly he was terrified at the thought that Blanche would give the whole matter away to her father.

And this is exactly what she did. She didn't tell him her secret, but when Forman went to the house on the evening of Fisk's arrival to get something he had left there Blanche received him so enthusiastically that her father could not help noticing it. Forman began to stammer something that would help the matter.

"It has been a pleasure to me," he said, "to afford your little girl"—here Blanche gave him a reproachful look—"some amusement during your absence. Her aunt was good enough to let me take her to the theater, and I gave her a drive in the park in my buggy."

"Didn't you enjoy it all, too, Mr. Forman?" interrupted Blanche, with another pronounced reproachful look.

"Very much, very much!" replied Forman, reddening.

"I dare say you've been very kind, old man," said Fisk, and there was something in the familiar appellation of "old man" that for the first time grated on Forman's feelings. "I think I'll stroll over to the club with you tonight for a game of bridge."

That was the last meeting between Forman and the little girl for three years. He was then just passed middle age and she a young lady.

"Blanche is home," said Fisk to his friend one day. "Come round and see us."

"I will with pleasure," replied Forman, and he chose a time for calling when he knew his friend would not be at home.

When Forman called he saw a vision of loveliness advancing to greet him with pleasure in her eye and a smile on her lips. It seemed to him all at once that he had been growing younger as the girl had been growing older. Surely this could not be the little girl whom he had taken to the theater and to whose prattle he had so often listened. That experience now seemed to him like a dream.

The child had passed completely into the woman. Nevertheless she had not recovered from her girlish fancy, and though she endeavored to conceal the fact from Forman she failed. He saw through the disguise at once, and his heart was filled with a great joy.

There was a courtship, but a post facto one. The real courtship had occurred three years before.

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State Treasurer—Robert K. Young.
Auditor General—Robert E. Cresswell.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

County and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles M. Patton, Curwensville.
State Senator—Frank B. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—H. W. Hilton, Smethport; H. R. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. L. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—H. Stanley, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chollar, Smethport.
Register—J. S. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank B. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John F. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anders , Clermont; A. M. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—M. M. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. M. Heath, President; F. M. Blaver, Secretary; J. W. Waite, H. W. Workley, G. H. Deuning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sease.
Justices—M. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, E. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—M. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. M. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Hubbs.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, H. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 338, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. L. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 338, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I.O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 38, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Hohler Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. BOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McCavern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:15 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30; Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—A. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 30, 1911.

Local and General.

—The Masons of Meadville have formed an association and the coming summer will erect a block for lodge and business purposes that will cost about $50,000.

—Mrs. William Hooker, an old and well-known resident of Port Allegany, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ray Foote, on Saturday, March 18. She was aged 67 years.

—"The cardinal is whistling among the blossoming maples above the sap-buckets of the ardent sugar-maker," says the Buffalo Express. Show us a picture of those blossoming maples.

—The Erie Times states that the epidemic of typhoid fever in that city is over. Practically no more cases are being reported and those suffering with the disease are recovering rapidly.

—In Iowa a woman who looked into the barn and saw her husband hanging to a crossbeam is reported to have exclaimed: "Land sakes! So that's where my clothesline went to!"—Ex.

—County Treasurer M. E. Page of Potter county has come in the line light of being investigated. He is charged with appropriating the interest paid by banks on the county funds to his own account, and it is said that he admits having done so.

—Cross Fork, Potter county, had a disastrous fire a few days ago. The buildings destroyed were the big store of the Lackawanna Company, a meat market, the Kirk hotel, together with barn, ice house and other out-buildings. It is thought that the Lackawanna store was first robbed and then fired by incendiaries.

—Lewis Bush was hit in the head with a stone or club early last Saturday morning in a drunken melee at Sunderlinville and it is doubtful if he recovers. He is suffering with concussion of the brain. Delbert Glover has been arrested, charged with the crime and Justice H. F. Plank has held him to the June term of court.—Potter Enterprise.

—About seven o'clock Monday evening fire broke out in the barns of the Shinglehouse glass plant. These barns are used for storing hay and straw in which the glass is packed when shipped. Owing to the gallant fight of the local firemen the main buildings were saved, but it was a hot and dangerous fire and a close escape for the big factory.—Potter Enterprise.

—Warren Times: A number of members of Troop "A," Pennsylvania State Constabulary, are said to be in Warren investigating the Amann murder mystery. Just how many of the troop are here could not be ascertained, but as they have a reputation for getting what they go after it is very likely that something will soon be known. Troop "A" is regularly stationed at Butler.

—Easter is not a fixed date, that is it does not occur on a certain day of a certain month every year. It is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the 21st of March, and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after. This year the full moon after March 21st does not occur until April 13th, hence Easter comes on the following Sunday the 16th.

—Scared by fellow prisoners who told him that he would likely get a long term, Robert Laygon, a 14-year-old boy of Camden, committed suicide cito in his cell in the Camden county jail Friday night. He made a noose of his belt and fastened it to an iron bar three feet from the floor. The boy had been committed to the jail on March 18th on a charge of entering the home of his brother and tampering with a gas meter.

—Did you ever think of it: Suppose every business man in town took as much interest in the upholding of the town and forwarding all public enterprises as the newspaper man. He works for railroads, manufactories, schools and churches, good streets and roads; urges, pleads, scolds, and badgers and cavorts around generally. Imagine his feelings then when some lame strikeshirked kind of a fellow reproaches him because he didn't boom things enough.

—A Madison, Wis., dispatch says that a bill to tax $5 annually every unmarried woman over 25 years old, and to create a "matrimonial commission" consisting of the governor, superintendent of public property and chief clerk of the assembly is before the state assembly there, introduced by Assemblyman Hansen of Manitowoc, of "Trouserette" fame. The "matrimonial commission" is charged with the duty of bringing together kindred souls when application is made for an affinity by any love-lorn maiden.

—Treasure trove to the value of $1,500,000 is reported from Jersey, England, where it was uncovered by Athelstan Riley while he was pulling down the ruins of an old manor house built in the thirteenth century, with the object of using the stone to enlarge his present manor house. The discovery includes ancient urns filled with spade guineas coined during the reign of King George III. and bearing the British arms on a spade-shaped shield. One urn bears the monogram of Emperor Vespanian, the Roman who flourished in the first century.

—A well-known Smethport barber who has spent years in the service was making a few remarks the other evening about his abilities in the tonsorial line, said that he could shave a man with perfect safety with his eyes shut. A man in a neighboring chair, who had been looking for a chance to get in a word, slyly remarked: "Did you ever try to shave a man with your mouth shut?" And just for an instant, just for an instant, mind you, a stillness that was oppressive settled over that tonsorial parlor. Moreover this is a true story, so be careful where you tell it.

—No prisoner who has been released from the Western penitentiary in recent years received such a demonstration as was given Andy Toth one day last week at Pittsburg. Toth was pardoned by Governor Tener and left the prison after serving nineteen years for a crime of which he has been proven innocent. He had been sentenced for life for murder. Toth was met by his four sons. The meeting was pathetic. Toth went to the home of his sons in Braddock. A great crowd had gathered to see the prisoner when he came out. A bill has been introduced to give him $10,000 in payment of the mistake that was made.

—Rev. Joel T. Saunders, a retired minister of Roulette, Pa., aged 84 years, was injured while walking on the P., S. & N. railroad tracks between Kersey and Brockport. Rev. Saunders heard the approach of passenger train No. 1 and stepped off the track to allow it to pass. After the engine had gone by it is supposed he became dizzy and fell against the train. He received only a slight bruise on the head. He was picked up and a doctor who was on the train gave him medical attention. He was taken to Kersey where he died about two hours afterwards. His death was caused by the shock, as the wound on his head was not very serious.

—Floyd Teller who has been working in the woods in the Potato creek district, was brought from there a couple of weeks ago in a helpless condition suffering from what has been diagnosed by the physician as acute inflammatory rheumatism. It was first felt in the lower extremities but now affects nearly every part of his body. His hands and feet are at times swollen to more than double their normal size and the pain is very severe. He was first taken to the home of his brother, Hoyt Teller, of North Main street, but on Tuesday an order of relief was granted and he was removed to the County Home, where the facilities for his care are much better. He is a large well-built man 34 years of age and has never before been afflicted with the disease.—Potter Democrat.

—A preliminary hearing on a charge of murder was given John and Michael Pittek at Sheffield, Warren county, Wednesday of last week. They pleaded not guilty and were returned to the county jail at Warren without bail. Louis Ross, whom it is alleged one of the two brothers assaulted with a knife, was held as a witness. The wilful murder of David Gustafson at Sheffield on Saturday night, March 18, is charged against the brothers. They had quarreled with Louis Ross and when he and Gustafson started for home the quarrel was resumed on a bridge. Ross ran away after a short struggle with the boys saying "they have knives and knuckles." Witnesses saw Gustafson fall on the bridge and when they reached him found him dead, with a knife thrust through the heart.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the prosecuting barrister, "this prisoner is an unmitigated scoundrel. He acknowledges it. And yet, thanks to the wisdom of the common law, he has been given a fair trial by a jury of his own peers."—Irish Catholic.

A Useful Coffin.

A writer in an English church magazine once found in a collier's cottage in Staffordshire a coffin used as a bread and cheese cupboard. Notwithstanding his wife's remonstrances he told the story of the coffin as follows: "Eighteen years ago I ordered that coffin. The wife and me used to have a good many words. One day she said, 'I'll never be content till I see thee in thy coffin.' 'Well, lass,' I said, 'if that'll content thee I'll soon be done.'

"Next day I gave directions to have the thing made. In a few days it came home, to the wife's horror. I got into it and said, 'Now, lass, are thee content?' She began to cry and wanted the 'horrid thing' taken away. But that I wouldn't allow. In the end she got accustomed to seeing it, and as we wanted to turn it to some use we had some shelves put in and made it into a bread and cheese cupboard. We have never quarreled since it came."

Circulating Libraries.

Long before the Revolution a young printer in Philadelphia when he had taken off his working apron at night used to sit poring over his dozen of old volumes by firelight. He soon knew them by heart and hungered for more. But books were costly and he had but little money. He had eight or ten cronies, young men who, like himself, were eager for knowledge. Ranging his books on a shelf, he invited his friends to do the same, that each of them might have the benefit of them all. Ben Franklin thus laid the foundation of the first circulating library in this country.

On Pa.

"My son," said Harker as he pointed to the ivy in front of the cottage, "always be like the vine—climb."

The little boy was thoughtful.

"I don't think I'd want to be like that vine," he responded seriously.

"And why not, Tommy?"

"'Cause if I was I'd be a porch climber."—Chicago News.

He Got the Raise.

"You want more money? Why, my boy, I worked three years for $11 a month right in this establishment and now I'm owner of it."

"Well, you see what happened to your boss. No man who treats his help that way can hang on to his business."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Nice Selection.

She—Now that you have looked over my music, what would you like to have me play?

He—Whist or dominos.—Boston Transcript.

Thoughts never lack words. It is words that lack thoughts.—Joubert.

The Cake That Billy Bought

A Valentine Story

By MARTHA J. TOWNE

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The door of the Woman's Exchange swung open and closed behind Billy Delwin's broad back. For an instant he hesitated, besieged by a battery of feminine eyes. Then he strode forward to the counter, where under glass cases were arranged handsome and toothsome cakes of every description and variety.

With his hat under his arm he stared down at the cakes with a calculating eye. "I want a plum cake," he said finally. "Have you got one today?"

"Wait a minute." And the woman disappeared, presently returning with a large box, which she opened and disclosed under tissue paper wrappings a huge round cake.

Billy's eyes sparkled dangerously as he surveyed the beautiful cake. "I'll take it," he said quickly. Then he added a question, "Is it plum cake?"

"Yes, indeed, and perfectly delicious," said the woman enthusiastically.

Then it was that he summoned courage to lean forward and ask a question in a low voice, "Is it against the rule to mention the name of the member who baked this cake?"

The cash register clanged noisily as the woman turned away. "Against the rules," she said crisply.

"May I inquire," persisted Billy hesitatingly, his voice still lower, "if this cake was baked—er—er—by an old lady?"

The attendant smiled shrewdly over her shoulder. "It's against the rules to mention ages also," she returned.

Once in the street he boarded a car and was conveyed with more or less rapidity to his bachelor rooms. He took the cake from its box.

"I dunno. That's more like it than any of 'em," he muttered as he went to and fro, hastily removing the things from his library table. Then he laid several clean white towels on the polished surface and, bringing from various places of concealment a number of large round frosted cakes, he placed

them in a row on the table. There were seven in all.

"Looks like a cake sale," he grinned somewhat anxiously. "I hope none of the chaps happen in. They'll think I'm all off if they see this layout; but, by George, I'll find her if it takes the rest of my life!"

He walked around the table, surveying its toothsome burden with a critical eye. Of all the cakes he decided that his last purchase was the handsomest, the lightest and the most deliciously fragrant.

"Now for a taste," he said, plunging a silver knife in the first one. The slice was clean and yellow and full of currants. Billy wrinkled his nose disdainfully and laid down the slice.

"Phyllis never made that one," he commented. "Her cakes always have raisins in. Now for the next one!"

One after another he tried the different cakes, sniffing, tasting, examining and shaking his head dubiously after each operation.

At last he came to his latest purchase, the Valentine cake, and if one watched him closely they might have observed that his cheeks paled and his firm lips were compressed into straight colorless lines. Suddenly he groaned and laid down the knife.

"If this one shouldn't be hers!" he muttered desperately, and then, with an upward fling of his handsome head, he plunged the knife into the cake near its edge, careful not to disturb the decorations that adorned the top. He drew out a piece, yellow and rich and crumby, full of great raisins and tiny flecks of spice.

With the air of one participating in some great ceremony Billy Delwin ate the cake slowly, enjoying to the full its elusive flavor. When he had finished he laid down the knife and sat down in a big leather covered chair, the color flooding his tanned cheeks.

"I've found her! I've found her at last!" he cried exultantly. "Nobody in the world ever baked that cake except Phyllis Giles! She made one last year for her Valentine party—same size, same flavor, same decoration—and you can't fool me, sir!"

He turned the cake slowly around and viewed it from all sides. "Her hands made it, she touched it, and she placed all those little hard red hearts about the edge, and not one of those hearts is harder than Phyllis' own heart or she would never have hidden herself away from me in this manner. As if Mr. Giles' failure and suicide could make any other difference to me than to feel more tenderly toward her! If nothing had happened or if Phyllis had not hidden away after it was over we should have been married by this time instead of my following up the only clew I ever could get—that she had come to New York and was baking cakes for the Woman's Exchange! I've bought plum cakes from every exchange in the city, I believe, until the women look on me with suspicion." He sat for a long time in silence, and then he arose and bundled the cakes into their boxes.

The last purchase he wrapped carefully and replaced in its box. Then he got into his overcoat, picked up his hat and with the cake under his arm he sought the street. Presently he was once more standing before the counter in the Woman's Exchange.

The tea tables were empty now, and there was no one around save the stern visaged woman who had waited upon him earlier in the afternoon.

"Will you kindly break your rule and tell me the name of the young lady who made this cake?" he asked with the keenest anxiety in his deep voice.

"It is impossible," said the woman primly.

"Would you forward a letter to her if I should write one?" pleaded Billy.

"Certainly not!" And her shocked expression was the first glimmer of humor that Billy had seen in the dull fabric of this wearisome chase after the girl he loved.

"Will you call her on the telephone and allow me to talk with her?" persisted Billy. "Really, madam, you will be making two people very happy!"

"I could not do that either. I am very sorry, sir, but it seems to me if Miss Giles really wanted to see you she would not withhold her address." The woman flushed with vexation at the slip she had made in thus revealing the name Billy had been longing to hear.

"It is Phyllis, then!" he cried triumphantly. "I knew that cake. Nobody in the world can make a plum cake like Phyllis," he explained with enthusiasm. "The moment I tasted it I knew."

The harsh face softened a little. "Her cakes are different from the others," she said lukewarmly. "She said once that she could make cakes better than anything else in the world, and so she thought that was the thing she ought to do to gain a livelihood."

"Bless her heart!" muttered Billy under his breath, knowing well that if he had his own way that Phyllis' dainty fingers should never bake a cake in the world unless it was for some especial treat like St. Valentine's day.

"Do you know what day tomorrow will be?" he demanded suddenly.

The woman stared. "Valentine's day, of course," she said, busying herself with the wares in the glass case.

"Well, that's the day when separated sweethearts are reunited, you know," blurted Billy sheepishly. "Seems to me if I could help any one along in that way I'd do it!"

"It isn't part of the business," said the woman impatiently. "Really, sir, I'd like to help you out, but I simply cannot divulge the names of our members."

"Very well, madam," cried Billy grimly. "I'll find her without your help, and when I do you'll lose the best cake maker in your membership!"

The door closed noisily behind his indignantly retreating form, and the woman stared after him for a brief moment. "I wonder," she muttered softly—"I wonder if it would have done any harm to have told him; he had a good face and he seemed so much in earnest, and just as he said, tomorrow is Valentine's day!"

In the street Billy paused for a moment and looked up and down. Suddenly a little black gowned form emerged from the crowd and paused for an instant before the door of the exchange and then laid a tentative hand on the knob.

Billy Delwin was beside her in an instant.

"Phyllis!" he cried sharply. "I've got you now, and you can't lose me again!"

She uttered a little frightened cry and turned a white face up to his. "Oh, Billy, Billy!" she gasped. "Where did you come from?"

"I just came out of this exchange, where the hearts of the attendants are harder than the little red hearts on your Valentine plum cake, for they would not divulge your address, though I begged almost on my knees. But I've got you now, Phyllis Giles! Don't you dare enter that ogre's den again!"

He drew her trembling form close to him, and they stood in the shadow of the doorway, her slight form leaning against him.

"How did you know, Billy? How did you find me out?" asked Phyllis after a little silence.

Billy told her of his quest for the cakes, of the slight clew he had followed and of his purchase that night of the Valentine plum cake, which he recognized as her handiwork.

"Darling," he whispered after it had been told, "tomorrow is St. Valentine's day. You have baked this cake, and on it you have asked the question, 'Will you be my valentine?' Now, I bought that cake and take it upon myself to answer that question. I will be your valentine under one condition."

"What is that?" asked Phyllis.

"That you will admit that you're not sorry that I bought the cake."

"Sorry!" echoed Phyllis joyfully. "Why, Billy, I was thinking of you when I made it, and I splashed so many tears over the little red hearts that they bled, and I had to replace them with others. Billy Delwin, I thought you'd never come!"

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The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

BATTERIES

I handle one of the best batteries made and at a reasonable price. If you use any electricity in your business let me supply it.

E. W. STRONG

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

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GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

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Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

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in a satisfactory manner.

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FRESH and SALT.

FISH

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Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.50 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, March 30, 1911.

The Eldred Eagle takes up a good deal of its editorial page last week in republishing the correction made by the Potter Democrat and commenting on the same. The Eagle is very indignant because this correction infers "that the Eagle did not tell what was true." Getting right down to facts the Eagle did "tell what was true," but the Eagle has not told the whole truth and the witholding of part of the truth is all that puts Mr. Bayle in an unpleasant position.

Some few weeks ago Superintendent Bayle was informed by a school director of Eldred township that one of the teachers was not conducting herself as she should and Mr. Bayle informed her of the alleged misconduct. The young lady in question replied that she had done nothing really wrong even though appearances might be against her. A little later the second complaint came to Mr. Bayle from the same director and then he wrote her a letter stating the nature of the complaint and added, if the charges made against her were true, that she had better resign.

The Eagle has quoted from this letter on two or more occasions and has each time omitted the condition upon which he asked for her resignation. Last week Brother McFall quotes from this letter as follows: "I can see no honorable way left but for you to send in your resignation at once. * * * If you take my advice and resign without making any further trouble, etc." Now that looks as though Mr. Bayle did act hastily when it is known that the school board did not take any action in the matter at a special session. Mr. Bayle and the director who had entered the complaint to Mr. Bayle were present at this meeting but the director did not prefer charges against her and after the matter was fully discussed by the board, in which Mr. Bayle took part and used his influence in behalf of the young lady, all present expressed themselves as satisfied that she was guilty of no real indiscretions.

If the Eagle had placed ahead of this quotation the proviso which Mr. Bayle's letter contained any one could have seen that Mr. Bayle's part in this matter was perfectly right and proper, and was in no way injurious to the character of the young lady.

If the Eagle editor has read the letter in question the Eagle is guilty of wilfully misstating facts, if not it is placing too much dependence on statements furnished by others.

The following from the Philadelphia Press is a sensible article: If the political leaders at Harrisburg purpose to fill the cup of folly to overflowing they may destroy the Brooks high license law and substitute an array of excise commissions, one for each county in the State. For if there is one thing upon which public sentiment is agreed, it is upon the wisdom of letting the license power remain as it is, in the hands of the judiciary.

This power has been wisely used. No criticism can fairly be made upon the ground that the courts have been overliberal in their view of questions of public necessity. It might well be said that it is surprising that the judges of the last three license courts in Philadelphia found no reason for the granting of a single additional license in the great and constantly growng city of Philadelphia. A law serviceable to the public is not to be destroyed for small reasons.

The actual value of the present license system is not to be judged by the number of licenses granted by this court or that. Whether in large centers of population especially, so many licenses are granted or so many more or so many fewer, is of little consequence. What counts is that every holder of a license knows that with the judicial power existing to revoke as well as to grant licenses, he has given his livelihood as a hostage to good conduct. He knows that a disregard of law will bring about the loss of his business, and that faithful observance will be rewarded with the regranting of his license year after year. Herein lies the reason why the liquor traffic is so well carried on in Pennsylvania, and why Philadelphia, the third city in the country, is in this respect a model city for all others.

Therefore, hands off the license law.

Ten persons are known to have been killed and a score or more injured when Atlantic Coast Line southbound train No. 95, known as the Dixie Flyer, went through a trestle over the Alapaha river, 18 miles east of Ocilla, Ga., about 5 o'clock Saturday morning. The baggage and express cars, two day coaches and a Pullman went into the river. Five Pullmans remained on the track. According to an official statement, the wreck was caused by the breaking of an axle on the engine when midway of the trestle, the weight of the train causing the trestle to collapse. The disaster came without warning and as soon as those in the rear Pullmans realized what happened they rushed to the edge of the river and rendered assistance to the victims.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Unstinted praise is being showered on General J. B. Ileshire, quartermaster general of the army for the masterly manner in which the troops now on the Mexican border were mobolized, together with the impediments necessary for the care and comfort of 20,000 men. The clerity which characterized the transportation of the troops; the entraining and detraining of the men; the movement of supply trains, with necessary stores for a three-months campaign, proved in a most practical way the strength of the position taken by General Aleshire when he became quartermaster general that complete success of his branch of the service depended upon the co-operation of the departmental quartermaster's and those in charge of quartermaster's depots, rather than have everything centered in Washington. On assuming office General Aleshire inaugurated a radical reform by calling upon all his subordinates for an inventory of stock on hand and the needs of the several departments to increase their efficiency. As a result of systematic effort the quartermaster general was enabled to prepare a book of quartermaster's stories and their several locations. When orders came to mobolize the troops for maneuvers along the Rio Grande it was but a matter of a few hours to get everything in readiness to move as he knew exactly by consulting the "little red book," where particular supplies were to be had and the amount on hand. The months spent in preparing this most comprehensive inventory had been justified and naturally General Aleshire is elated over the complete success of decentralization.

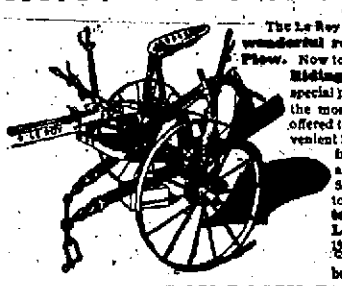
The fourteen members of the Ways and Means committee, charged with the selection of the majority chairmanships and the composition of the majority places on committees of the 62nd Congress which convenes in extraordinary session on April 4th, have about completed their work and will report their conclusions to the Democratic caucus Saturday evening, April 1. It is generally agreed that Representative Fitzgerald of New York, who is the ranking Democrat on the Appropriations committee, will become chairman of that most important committee although Congressman Burleson of Texas made a hard fight for the place. William C. Adamson of Georgia, will be chairman of the committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, while John A. Moon of Tennessee, will be chairman of Postoffices and Postroads. It is still undetermined who will become chairman of the very important committee of Rivers and Harbors, both Stephen M. Sparkman of Florida and Joseph E. Ransdell of Louisiana being candidates for the place. If the Ways and Means committee decide to promote ranking members of committees to chairmanships Mr. Sparkman would succeed to the position, but hundreds of letters have been written to the Ways and Means committee. It is understood, in behalf of Congressman Ransdell, who is President of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, the most militant association of waterway enthusiasts in the country, whose campaign of education for a yearly river and harbor bill, with appropriations of sufficient amount to accomplish the completion of projects within limited periods, has worked radical reforms in river and harbor legislation, and no man in the country has been a more enthusiastic advocate of a comprehensive system of waterways improvements than Mr. Ransdell.

Public enterprise promoters of Baltimore are going after the National Democratic convention for 1912 and have guaranteed a fund of $100,000 to entertain the delegates. The first national political convention was held in Baltimore in 1831, when Henry Clay was nominated by the Whigs and it also saw the first National Democratic convention when, in 1832, Andrew Jackson was nominated for his second term. The Democrats continued holding their national conventions in the Monumental City until 1856, when James Buchanan was nominated at Cincinnati, the same year that the first National Republican convention was held at Philadelphia, nominating John C. Fremont. The Republicans nominated Abraham Lincoln at Chicago in 1860 and have ever since mainly favored that city. It is thought highly probable that if the democrats select the east for their convention the Republicans will go west.

The Republican majority of the House of the Sixty-first Congress having been changed into a minority in the Sixty-second Congress, the question of the minority leadership of the party rises conspicuously and gravely for the first time in sixteen years. In the Fifty-second Congress, when the Democrats had captured the House, former-Speaker Thomas B. Reed was accorded the leadership without question. This time it is evident that former-Speaker Cannon will have opposition, if it is undertaken to make him the minority leader. This is manifest from the discussion of other House Republicans for the post. Among those mentioned with more or less insistence are Representatives James R. Mann of Illinois, and Marlin E. Olmsted of Pennsylvania.

It is just possible that ex-Speaker Cannon will solve the problem by declining to be a candidate, in which event it is thought Representative Mann will be selected.

Horses are Worth Saving



The Le Roy Plow Co., Le Roy, N. Y., have built up a wonderful reputation on a wonderful Walking Plow. Now to meet the almost universal demand for Riding Plows, this Company has worked its special plow experts overtime and the Result is the most perfect, practical, Riding Plow offered to the practical farmer. Easy and convenient foot trip, Extreme Foot Shift, Tilting Seat, All Steel Frame (others are cast iron) Patent Square Steel Jointer Standards—Chilled Iron or Steel Bottoms, best of all Easy Draft and Easy to Operate, the same as the big line of Le Roy Walking Plows. Ask for our 1911 catalogue.

You usually can find them with your best dealers.

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SOLD BY

A. T. PALMER Smethport, Pa.

READ CAREFULLY

THIS Full Size Cut shows the new style FINGER PIECE EYE GLASS, with rims. It has a Rigid Bridge with adjustable guards—the lenses not liable to break as they are protected by the rims, and can be put on, and taken off with one hand. This style of Eyeglass Frame is made of Solid Gold or filled by one of the oldest and largest manufacturers in the United States, and guaranteed as represented by them.

Our time is yours; we will furnish our patrons with any pattern or style in the line of OPTICAL GOODS only.

Patrons can call any time of day, although when convenient arrange for the forenoon, as the larger number appear in the afternoon—it will avoid much delay.

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SPRING 1911

Queen Quality SHOE

We've just received our new "Queen Quality" styles for Spring and they're beauties. We did not believe such footwear possible at the price. The makers have outdone themselves. Smart, snappy styles with plenty of comfort and service—just what you have been looking for. You'll buy here eventually. Why not to-day?

ANDERSON & CARLSON

"THE SHOE MEN"

Smethport, Pa.

IT WAS FAR BEYOND OUR EXPECTATIONS—— OUR SALVAGE SALE.

If we were to tell you the number of people we waited upon, or the amount of goods we disposed of last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, you might say we were boasting. But we had fifty sales people to wait on the trade and then had to close our doors to keep the people out, so we could straighten up our stock. This speaks for itself. Every customer was so well pleased with their purchases that they told some one else. So instead of our business falling off after the first day, it kept increasing from day to day until it was impossible to take care of every one who desired to take advantage of our wonderful bargains. We are now better equipped to handle our customers, and we will be able to wait on you in the proper manner. We have put on sale a great many suits, overcoats and raincoats that are damaged. Some with the linings burned, others that were wet, etc. These goods can be easily repaired so they will be just as good as new, and they will be sold at such low prices that we feel we are almost giving them away. People that work will find these goods just what they want for working clothes. Our store will be open evenings, to accomodate those that can't come during the day. I remain, very respectfully,

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House

52 54 Main Street

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A KNICKER SUIT, Widow Jones of Boston

MOTHERS

Do not worry about your Boy's Easter Suit.

Widow Jones looks after them.

Call and inspect our fine assortment of clothes for the boy.

We like lookers.

H. W. RUBIN

Smethport, Pa.

We most heartily request your early inspection of our now complete showing of

SPRING AND SUMMER WOOLENS

From the best Mills at Home and Abroad, any portion of your esteemed order will be most highly appreciated.

BAKER & GELDER

Men's and Boys' Clothing and Outfitters

Successors to WM. HORNER & CO.

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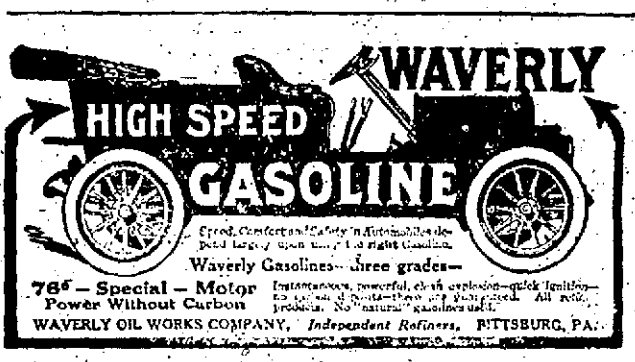

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Waverly Gasolines—three grades—

76°—Special—Motor Power Without Carbon

Instantaneous, powerful, clean explosion—quick ignition—no waste of power—three of your gallons will do the work of four of ordinary gasoline. All motor troubles. No "natural" gasoline used.

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COAST Cities so appreciate sea foods because they are served under natures own conditions fresh from the water, sweet, firm, delicate and with that indescribable "Oceany" flavor clinging to every fleck.

OUR BRANDS

religiously duplicate those shore conditions and send to the inland home the sweetest flesh of Codfish, Lobster, Shrimp, Salmon, and other fish exquisitely prepared.

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You get Better Values Here

TIRES GOING UP.

Prices on Tires, Tubes and Repairing will Advance Early in April.

NOW IS THE TIME TO HAVE YOUR TIRES Recovered, Retreaded or Repaired.

SMETHPORT INNER TUBES Are guaranteed to give satisfaction. SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more Mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

——Write us for Prices——

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.

Smethport, Penn'a.

SPRING SHOES

Our Spring lines show a distinctiveness which will commend them to careful and exclusive dressers. We have searched the market and have chosen the cream of the new styles.

Ladies', Children's and Misses' Shoes—The "Clarice" @ $3 pr The best in the world for the price——comes in a two strap Pump and 3 button Oxford, Patent Kid, Dull finished Calf, Black Suede and Black Velvet.

The Valois and Dorris @ $2.50 per pair comes in two strap Pumps and Lace Oxford, Patent Colt and Dull finished Colt. Also a School Heel @ $2.25 for girls who want a low heel.

A few pairs of Tan High shoes which we will still sell @ $2.25 per pair.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

SPECIAL SALE

CREAM SEPARATORS from 17.50 up
BUTTER CHURNS " 30c "
STRAINER PAILS " 35c "
STRAINER PAILS " 15c "
MILK PANS " 7c "
CREAM CANS " 35c "

DALY & GARLICK'S

HARDWARE STORE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 30, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Saturday is All Fools Day.

—Stein-Bloch clothes are advertised by Monheimer to-day.

—Daily & Garlick are advertising a special sale on cream separators.

—Fry & Comes advertise Wooltex goods in their space this week.

—Mrs. W. S. Palmer is confined to her home with a severe attack of grip.

—Read the optical advertisement of the Olean Optical Parlors in this issue.

—Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hanley and son, Francis, have moved to Olean, N. Y.

—Mrs. Pauline King who has been very ill for the past two weeks, is now improving.

Once more the "beautiful" snow covers the ground. About two inches fell during the night.

—Rev. Henry Mitchell of St. Marys will hold services at St. Luke's church Friday evening at 7:30.

—Miss Beatrice Gifford entertained the employes of the local telephone office at a six o'clock dinner Tuesday evening.

—Misses Rita Gorton and Marguerite Knapp entertained the Girls Sewing Club at the home of the former last evening.

—Alma Hertog of Emporium has accepted a position in The Lindholm store in this place. She will have charge of the millinery department of that popular store.

—James Hulings who has been very sick for the past two weeks is much improved and able to be down stairs. It is hoped that he will soon be able to be at his work in the bottle factory.

—We are indebted to D. C. Young for a copy of The Daily Gleanor of Kingston, Jamaica. Mr. and Mrs. Young are enjoying a trip through that country.

—The Epworth League will hold an April Fool social in the M. E. chapel Friday evening. Everyone is requested to bring a package, value from one to fifteen cents. All are invited. Admission ten cents.

—The morning subject at the Methodist Episcopal church will be "He Is the Propitiation For Our Sins," followed by Communion. Every member of the church and congregation are urged to be present. Evening subject "Christ Before Pilate."

—Detective Elliott of Rochester, N. Y., arrived in the city early yesterday morning and later in the day returned home having in his custody Carlo Cerasaro, an Italian wanted in that city for cutting an acquaintance with a razor on March 18. Cerasaro came to Bradford after committing the assault and was arrested by Constable Howe at the request of the Rochester police.—Saturday's Bradford Era.

—Homer E. Young of Smethport, formerly of Degolia, has accepted a position with the Burmah Oil company limited, as superintendent of production and sailed from San Francisco on Tuesday, March 21; accompanied by a drilling foreman, ten drillers and two production men. The Burmah Oil company has 400 producing wells located about 400 miles, inland, from Ragoon.—Monday's Era.

—Announcement has just been made of the marriage of Floyd E. Heath, son of L. E. Heath, and Alice Connolly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Connolly, all of this borough, which occurred at Wellsville, N. Y., on November 24, 1910, the Reverend Father O'Brien officiating. The happy young couple have many friends in town who wish them a long and happy married life.

—Grace George, who comes to the Bradford theatre March 31, in "Sauce for the Goose," is this week playing in St. Louis, Mo., and jumps from there to Erie, Pa., and then to Bradford. She is enroute to New York where she is to appear for an extended engagement. This will be Miss George's first appearance in Bradford. She is considered, by many critics, to be the best comedienne on the American stage to-day.

—M. S. Geary of Smethport, a native of McKean county and widely known and popular citizen, informed the Era yesterday that he would be a candidate for the office of county treasurer at the next primaries. Mr. Geary is a Republican and believes in Republican principles. He is a young man of excellent character and has friends in all parts of the county who will give him hearty and enthusiastic support.—Bradford Era.

—A large wild cat was shot in the woods near Newton, Pa., Saturday morning, but not until after the cat had killed a dog belonging to the hunters. The cat weighed over 50 pounds and had claws nearly an inch long. It was shipped to Dunkirk by express and will be sent to Sherman, where it will be mounted by a taxidermist. About three weeks ago another cat, believed by some to have been the mate of this one, was shot in the same woods.—Kane Republican.

—The Simons, the Bradford clothier who had his big double store gutted by fire a few weeks ago, is again doing business as will be seen by an advertisement in this issue. The writer paid a brief visit to this store on Tuesday and found that Mr. Simons and his clerks have removed the badly damaged goods and they are now busy disposing of what is left at bargain prices. As soon as these goods are disposed of Mr. Simons will put in a full new line of men's and boys' clothing and furnishings.

—A meeting of the Northwestern Federation of Women's Clubs is being held in Bradford this week. Among those from Smethport who are in attendance are Mrs. Thomas A. Morrison, chairman of the State Federation of the Scholarship at State College; Mrs. Joseph W. Bouton, Mrs. W. H. Morrison, Mrs. L. K. Hogarth, Mrs. J. Scott Walker, Mrs. F. W. Brownell, Mrs. D. L. Forsythe, Mrs. E. A. Studholme, Mrs. F. P. Isherwood, Mrs. Sheridan Gorton, Mrs. Warley Gifford, Mrs. H. C. Wells and Mrs. Charles McKean.

—Gabrielle Lopez is dead, his brother Arturo is suffering from a bullet wound in his head and in a critical condition and another young Italian, Frank Tallurico, is dying because of the carrying out of a threat made last Saturday by Gabrielle Lopez to return and shoot up the boarding house he was forced to leave because of his evil temper. Three Italians who were in the room when Lopez commenced shooting are locked up in the police station suspected of having fired the shots which ended the life of Lopez. The shooting occurred at 9:30 Sunday night in the front room of an Italian boarding house in West 16th street. The first shot fired took effect in the head of Arturo Lopez, a brother of Gabrielle, and the second struck the back of Frank Tallurucco. Then some person unknown fired the shot that ended the life of the desperate Italian.

—Burglars forced an entrance into the home of Walter D. Jones on Fraley street between twelve and one o'clock this morning, and secured about ten dollars in money, silverware, cut glass and a ring. The money was in a dime savings bank which belonged to the children. Mr. Jones being an engineer was out on the road at the time, and upon his arrival home about 1:30 he discovered that burglars had been in the house and were probably frightened away by him when he entered. Chief of Police Ives received word from Sheriff Norris of Emporium, Pa., yesterday afternoon to be on the lookout for a couple of negroes who were wanted at that place for larceny. He learned upon inquiry that two such men had been in town, but they probably kept under cover during the day, and they are the chaps that did the work last night.—Saturday's Kane Republican.

PERSONAL MENTION.

E. E. Heath was an Eldred visitor last Friday.

Miss Salome Tickner was a Bradford visitor Monday.

H. C. Wells was in Bradford Tuesday and Wednesday.

C. W. Shattuck had business in Bradford on Tuesday.

Landlord M. S. Geary had business in Bradford on Monday.

Hon. Joseph W. Bouton was a Bradford visitor on Tuesday.

Fred Biever was a Buffalo visitor a couple of days this week.

Mrs. Marvin Reed of Olean is visiting Mrs. M. W. Heinlein.

Mrs. C. C. Chatte was a Bradford visitor Tuesday and Wednesday.

Hon. P. D. Councilman of Harrison Valley was a visitor in town yesterday.

J. C. Backus left Monday on a business visit to Cleveland and Canton, Ohio.

Hon. R. W. Hilton and Hon. E. R. Benson were visitors in town last Friday.

A. D. Campbell of Perry, N. Y., spent last week with his father, G. W. Campbell.

Charles Beckwith of Olean was visiting friends in this vicinity the first of the week.

Miss Edna Comes returned Monday evening from a ten days' visit with Olean friends.

Miss Laura Gregg of Perry, N. Y., spent last week with her aunt, Mrs. G. W. Campbell.

W. H. Gallup returned home Saturday from Buffalo where he had been for several days.

Mrs. A. S. Jermann and son, Paul, of Buffalo, N. Y., are spending three weeks with Mrs. G. W. Campbell.

Mrs. R. K. Godding who was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Lindsley has returned to her home in Kane.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin and Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Backus, were Bradford visitors on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Thomas Harrington who has been traveling through the Western states for the past two years returned to this place Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Morrison and son, Tom, were guests of Mrs. Morrison's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Davis of Bradford, this week.

Mrs. P. D. Hopkins who has been staying with Mrs. S. R. Lindsley for the past few weeks returned to her home in Kane Saturday.

Donovan Bell is home from Chestnut Hill academy at Philadelphia on account of sickness.

Mrs. T. F. Hunglville and little son, Bill, and Miss Sarah Greer were Bradford visitors last Saturday.

Mrs. E. S. Churchill and daughter, Isabel, have returned to their home in Springville, N. Y., after visiting at the home of Mrs. Churchill's sister, Mrs. C. H. Gleason.

Miss Elizabeth Hewitt left Tuesday for her home in Washington, D. C., after a three weeks' visit at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hewitt of Keating township, called here by the serious illness of her sister, Mrs. C. S. VanDusen.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Millinery for Spring.

My Millinery display for Spring is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call on

Mar.23-tf CARRIE CLARK.

Notice to Dog Owners.

All dogs must be tagged on or before April 1st, 1911, as provided by Borough ordinance No. 84.

S. H. CLEVELAND,
Mar.23-2t Chief Burgess.

For Sale.

A heavy work team, harness and wagon. Enquire of

EMIL JOHNSON,
Mra.30-2t-pd Ormsby, Pa.

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ES, needs a Wooltex coat, mind you—not an ordinary sort of indifferent coat, but one which will beautifully combine style with utility. That's why we say Wooltex.

There's as much beauty as there is service in every Wooltex top coat for spring——one essential is not sacrificed for the other. There are trig, trim, mannish models, built of diagonal coatings, that are splendid for traveling coats.

Smart models for wearing over dainty lingerie frocks; bewitchingly girlish coats for young women.

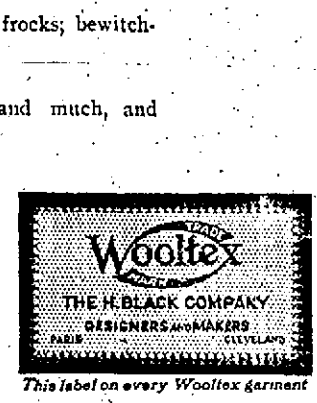
This is a coat selection of which you can demand much, and have the demand satisfactorily met.

Of course the materials are all Wooltex quality——chemically tested to be all wool——the linings pure silk——all guaranteed to give two season's wear.

You'll be interested in many of the new style features. Let us show them to you now.

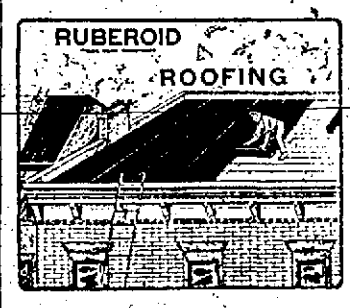
FRY & COMES

The Store That Sells Wooltex



This label on every Wooltex garment

WHY



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RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

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HOLMES & GILFILLAN

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SMETHPORT PENN'A.

STEIN-BLOCH Smart Clothes are here.

Try them on

Look at yourself in a STEIN-BLOCH Spring Suit.

They fit, they are stylish and——better workmanship was never put into clothes than you will find in Stein-Bloch all wool Suits at

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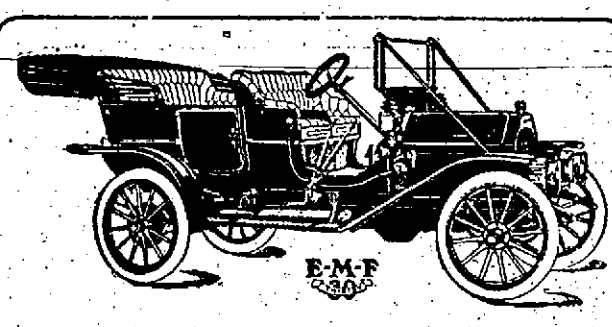

WE ARE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE E-M-F 30, FLANDERS 20, SELDEN and PEERLESS.

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The FLANDERS 20 is a little baby of a car and will go anywhere any big car can go. Price $700.00. A full year's unconditional guarantee given with both of the above cars.

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Our garage is managed by a journeyman machinist, who learned his trade in a big automobile factory and he is one of the very best men in his line. We make a specialty of overhauling big, high-priced cars and absolutely guarantee our work to give entire satisfaction.

In our Rubber Works Dept. we do all kinds of Tire Repairing, manufacture inner tubes, tire retiners, patches, &c., and our prices are right. We also carry a good line of accessories, Prest-O-Lite tanks, etc.

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BACKUS NOVELTY COMPANY,

Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a.

The Crimson Domino

What Happened at a Masquerade in High Life

By MARY L. HARKNESS

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Pennington is one of those places where wealthy people from the city live all the year round, though some have residences in town in which they spend a few months in midwinter. But as for social pleasures, Pennington residents have most of the enjoyments of city life with those of the country added. Their summer outdoor sports are prolonged till late in the autumn, and they play golf any time when the ground is free from snow.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Archie Worth came to live at Pennington at the instigation of Charlie Erwin, Archie's intimate friend. Had Erwin foreseen what this change of residence would bring about he would certainly not have proposed it. There resulted one of the most unpleasant situations that can happen to a man. Worth had no sooner settled at Pennington than he was obliged to go abroad on business. Before his departure he said to his friend:

"Charlie, I'm going to leave Winifred in your charge. Being a newcomer here, it is liable to be pretty dull for her at first, and I shall expect you to see that she gets invitations to what's going on both out of doors and inside, and when she needs an escort take her about yourself. You're one of the few men I know with whom I would trust my wife without the slightest compunction. I hope to get back here in time for the holidays, but I may be detained longer."

Erwin accepted the charge. Indeed, since the Worths had come to Pennington at his instance he could not do less, and, having accepted it, he devoted himself during that autumn to giving Winifred Worth a pleasant season. He drove her out, made up automobile parties for her, escorted her to field sport matches and rode with her across country.

Now, in the communities of smart sets the love affairs that go on among

WILL JONES

HE EXPOSED THE FACE OF MRS. EDWARDS.

the husbands and the married as well are not as wide people dream. Either the conditions of the boys and girls attract little attention or they precede marriages of convenience. Now and again some married woman will make an incursion upon the domain of the girls and carry off an eligible young man, gaining nothing for herself and robbing the girls.

There was a married woman of middle age living at Pennington, a Mrs. Edwards, nearly forty, and all bent to the society of [illegible] herself. She was not popular with the women, but so long as she could monopolize their husbands, brothers and lovers she was indifferent to their opinion of her. This woman had resolved to be Charlie Erwin's fate after when Archie Worth went abroad and left his wife in Charlie's care.

One night or, rather, morning, Charlie lay in wait to behold the success of luring the central figure of a peculiar signal on, during the evening Mrs. Edwards had shown plainly that she proposed to monopolize him and Mrs. Worth, the wife of his friend, who had left her in his charge, had indicated that she had been overwhelmed by one of those rash passions for him which will lead a woman to wreck herself for the man she loves.

That Erwin took a high weight, man either intellectually or morally perhaps he might have been flattered that two women should have singled him out for the bestowal of their favors. But he was a man of character and with a high sense of honor. He knew women well and felt assured that, while Mrs. Edwards' interest in him was the satisfaction of appropriating him to herself, Winifred Worth had really become infatuated with him. The situation was most dangerous to him and Winifred, for not only had Winifred's infatuation made her reckless, but Mrs. Edwards would doubtless be on the watch for some slip which she might turn to account against her rival.

After thinking the matter over Erwin decided that there was no safety for him except in flight. True, the leaving behind of two women who were all swords' points about him might not being on hand to repress either was fraught with danger, but less dangerous than to remain. Besides, flight would put him personally in a better position in case the affair came out.

But in order to leave matters in as good shape as possible he went to the victims one of the two and, assuring her of his devotion to her, told her that it was necessary for him to go away for a time on business.

I have said that Charlie Erwin knew women. He certainly didn't know Mrs. Edwards or he would not have counted upon her, even in this slight respect. She conveyed the news of Erwin's proposed flight to her rival and, knowing that Winifred would see Erwin and endeavor to keep him, lay in wait for the couple with a view to surprising them and thus getting Winifred in her power.

Having a maid who was quite bright in observing people's motions, Mrs. Edwards instructed her to shadow Erwin and report if he visited her rival. At 5 o'clock on the afternoon Erwin was to depart the maid telephoned her mistress that he had gone to Mrs. Worth's home. Mrs. Edwards went there immediately, entered without ringing and found Charlie and Winifred in the library, Winifred in tears.

Mrs. Edwards, having made the two aware of her presence, said that she had called and, not getting a reply to her ring, had ventured in. Then she withdrew.

Erwin saw at once that he had made a mistake in informing Mrs. Edwards of his proposed departure. He felt that he and Winifred Worth were as much in her power as if she had had a dozen witnesses to the scene she had come upon, for a married woman must be above suspicion. He abandoned his plan of going away, feeling it necessary for him to remain and, if possible, scotch the viper who he was convinced had determined to put her poisonous fangs into her rival.

That year the smart set of Pennington concluded to give a masquerade ball at the close of the season and before the opening of Lent. The costumes worn on the occasion during the first part of the evening were to be covered with dominos until the unmasking, when the dominos, with the masks, were to be thrown off.

Charlie Erwin resolved to take advantage of this ball to spring a trap on Mrs. Edwards that he hoped would put her out of business as to doing Winifred Worth or himself any harm. Worth returned a few days before Ash Wednesday. He thanked Charlie for his attentions to his wife, but Charlie could see that he had heard more of those attentions than he cared to hear. Nevertheless he was cordial and invited Charlie to dinner on the evening of the ball. After dinner he went out, leaving his friend alone with his wife, thus indicating his confidence. This gave Charlie an opportunity to give Winifred so much of his plan as was essential. He told her to tell her husband that she would wear a crimson domino, but to use one of another color. This she promised to do.

There was no hall in Pennington suitable for a ball, so one of the largest dwelling houses was offered by its owner for the purpose.

A crimson domino was seen moving about, always attended by a purple one, the two dancing together nearly every set. Presently some one standing behind Worth said, "Look out for the crimson!" Worth saw the crimson and the purple doubles going out of a door together.

Worth was an honorable man and above spying on [illegible] his own wife. But Mrs. Edwards had contrived to get out of each of his friend's attention to his wife during his absence, colored to suit her purpose, to make him anxious. He turned to look behind him and saw a pale blue domino just passing away. The figure turned and pointed to the crimson. There was something about this person which the domino did not conceal that was familiar to him. Whether it was the walk or the posture, or what it was, he could not tell.

But this did not concern him as much as the crimson. He remembered that his wife had told him she would wear a crimson domino, and he had seen the domino constantly attended by the purple one. Indeed, the green monster had begun to take root in his breast before the warning came. Following the two retreating figures, he was led through several rooms on the ground floor. The figure in purple, evidently a man, occasionally turned his head and looked back.

Worth believed the man fancied himself followed and was making an effort to shake off [illegible]. This only added to the former's determination to remain on the scent. Nevertheless he lost sight several times of the pair, who mounted from one story to another till they entered an apartment built on the roof and used for plants.

Before going in the purple domino turned evidently to see if others were about, but by this time Worth had learned that if he were to discover what he dreaded he had better keep out of sight. He waited impatiently for awhile, then stole to where the two had entered. The crimson domino was encircled in the purple domino's arms. Rushing forward, there was a muffled shriek. He tore off the mask of the woman he thought to be his wife.

He exposed the face of Mrs. Edwards. The man uncovered—and Worth saw his friend Charlie Erwin.

With an humble apology, Worth retreated, and Erwin felt sure that any expectation of trouble with his friend had been eliminated.

The next morning both Erwin and Mrs. Edwards left Pennington, but not together. Mrs. Edwards did not return, and Erwin remained away until the next spring, when the Worths removed to the city. Then he returned.

This by judicious management a woman who yielded to a passing fancy was saved from the world's cold criticism.

The Liberator

A Story of How a Small Boy Tries to Imitate Lincoln

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Little Azariah Ichabod Peters sat on the topmost rail of the fence and looked thoughtfully down at the shiny new rubber boots that incased his fat legs. A warm overcoat was buttoned tightly about his form, and on his black, woolly head was drawn a bright red tobogan cap that matched his red mittens.

"I reckon I's mighty lucky," he mused, "Jes' t'ink dat ole Sandy Claws a-bringin' me all dese yere spandy new clothes w'en my ole ones wasn't all wore out yit! Now, dat no 'count Caesar Woodson he say it's jes' because my pappy has a butler job at de hall an' gits a sight ob munny fer standin' behin' Marse Clement's cha'r

WILL JONES

HANDED IT THROUGH THE BARRED WINDOW.

dat I kin bev all dese t'ings, but I likes to t'ink dat yere ole Sandy Claws brung some ob 'em. O Lawdy me! I done fergot Marse Abe Linkum an' how granny ses if he hadn't set grandpap free my pappy couldn't bev a butler job an' git a sight of munny. I dunno!"

"Whah yo' ben, lil' Azariah?" said his old granny. "I guess yo' toeses is mos' froze off; come close to de fiah an' warm up."

Azariah Ichabod sat down on a stool near the stove and slowly removed his outer garments. "Granny," he hesitated, "did ole Marse Sandy Claws bring dese t'ings to me or did Marse Abe Linkum?"

"Marse Linkum?" Granny stared over her spectacles. "Dat good man been dead an' berried dis fifty year. How come it yo' got dem mixed up 'less now, lil' Azariah. I guess yore recollectin' what granny said to yo' 'bout how if Marse Linkum hadn't sets de slaves free nebber yore pappy wouldn't be wurkin' up to de hall an' earnin' sights ob munny for us."

"I wish yo'd tell me all 'bout dat yere Marse Abe Linkum ag'in, granny," said Azariah.

Both Granny Peters and Azariah Ichabod were in tears at the conclusion of her recital, and when granny had brought forth the brown covered "Life of Abraham Lincoln" the old woman and the little boy pored over its crude woodcuts and large type with complete forgetfulness of the burning potatoes in the oven.

"Yore pappy larned his letters in dat yere book," said granny proudly, "and yo' remember dat he larned yo' yores too. Now, doan' you never forgit, lil' Azariah, dat yo' larned yo' fust readin' in Marse Abe Linkum's book."

"S'posin' yo' read a lil' about him now," coaxed granny, thrusting the book into his hands. She lighted a kerosene lamp and fished the charred potatoes out of the oven with philosophic cheerfulness and thrust in another batch. "Begin now, honey."

Azariah Ichabod opened the book at the first chapter and ran a small black finger along the lines, reciting glibly what he had already learned by heart under the tuition of his father.

"Marse Abe Linkum wuz bo'n on Febry twelve in de yeah—what's de matter, granny?" Azariah paused as Mrs. Peters grasped the book from his hand.

"Lil' Azariah," cried his grandmother excitedly, "I done forgot whint yore pappy said dis mornin'. He come down from de hall wid er newspaper from de no'th what he'd found, an' ses he, 'Termorrer will be Marse Abe Linkum's birthday, an' dey's gwine ter celybrate it up no'th. It's all in dis yere paper. Now, do yo' tell Azariah ter git some er dat creepin' stuff from de woods an' hang ober Marse Linkum's pictur'.' I declar' I done fergot all about it, an' yore pappy'll be mighty struck if yo' doan' do it."

"I'll git it in de mornin'. Dat Marse Linkum sure have been dretful good ter make folks 'member his birthday. I wish I was like dat man, granny. I reckon I'd do jes' as he did," asserted Azariah warmly as he drew up to the table prepared by his grandmother.

"Lil' boys kin do jes' as much good in dere way," said granny wisely.

"I couldn't set nobuddy free."

"Yaas; yo' could set somebody free," said granny suddenly. "Whah's dat lil' rabbit yo' found in yo' trap yistiddy?"

Azariah rolled a startled eye at his grandmother. "It's locked up in de woodshed. I reckon dat yere lil' rabbit likes me mo'n he does to run aroun' de col' woodsee, granny. I want ter keep him, I do!"

"Go 'long, Azariah Peters. I's 'shamed ob yo', I declare I am, wid dat sample ob Marse Abe Linkum right befo yo all de time. Doan' yo' talk to me!"

"Tomorrer I'll let him go free. Dat I'll be some like Marse Linkum. I reckon I'll give him some cabbidge now," and Azariah left the table and went to his little captive, while granny hobbled around the room singing in a high, cracked voice.

The next day Azariah's first duty was to go to the adjacent woods and search under the covering of dead leaves for trailing vines of sassafras and "old man's hand," with which to adorn the large picture of Abraham Lincoln which hung on the kitchen wall.

After that he took the little gray rabbit from the woodshed and stumped doggedly across the winding path to the upland pasture. He could feel the beating of the little frightened heart against his hand, and he snuggled the little furry body closer into his neck.

"Doan' yo' be 'fraid, lil' rabbit. I's gwine ter take yo' straight ter yore mammy," he comforted it. Then at the pasture fence he kissed the trembling animal and set it on the ground. For an instant it crouched, frightened and tense, and then with a bound it left him and disappeared in the hedge.

"Lawdy sakes!" ejaculated the round eyed Azariah. "I didn't reckon it made folkses so glad to git away. I wished I could be moah like Marse Linkum an' set moah folkses free." He walked meditatively back to the cabin and peered through the palling into the chicken yard. "I reckon yo' chickens would be mighty glad to git away. But I doan' know whut granny'd t'ink erbout dat."

All the afternoon little Azariah pondered over the story of Abraham Lincoln and the lesson taught by his noble life. Toward night he went the lonely two miles into Collinsville to replenish the molasses jug. As he was leaving the town on his way home he came across that scapegrace, Caesar Woodson, and, wonder of wonders, that marvel of hardness and abandoned wickedness was bawling lustily in the back yard of his father's isolated cabin.

"Whah pappy he's gone ter jail," he wept noisily in response to Azariah's solicitous inquiry. "Kunnel Fenn, he tole de constable dat dere wuz only five chickens lef' in his roos', an' he said pappy hist said 'em ober ter de town folkses. An' all becuz de kunnel could only find five chickens in his roos' dey locked my pappy up!"

Henry Woodson's reputation as a connoisseur of fine poultry was too well known in the county for Azariah Ichabod Peters to express much surprise or indignation over that colored gentleman's incarceration in the lock up. Nevertheless as he left his playmate and went his homeward way his little heart was filled with pity for the genial Mr. Woodson, who was confined within four walls away from the sunshine and the crisp February air and corn pone and sweet potatoes. Azariah wondered what Mr. Abraham Lincoln would have done in like circumstances, and he finally concluded that Mr. Lincoln would have made every effort to aid in the freedom of Henry Woodson and restore him to the bosom of his family.

Azariah slid his molasses jug in the hedge, and, turning his shiny rubber boots toward the town he had just left, he trotted swiftly back, turning and twisting until he reached the small, isolated brick building that served as a temporary place of confinement for the evildoers of the vicinity. The little boy crept up under the small barred window, and in the falling darkness his form became part of the shadows.

"Hi, Mr. Woodson!" he hissed anxiously.

There was a shuffling step across the floor, and Henry's rich voice came in a hushing whisper: "Who's dere? Is dat yo', Caesar, yo' lint ob Satan?"

"It ain't Caesar. It are somebuddy like Marse Abe Linkum come to set yo' free," whispered Azariah. "Jes' yo' tell me how an' I kin do it."

"Lawsy me!" ejaculated Mr. Woodson. "Lemme see. I reckon I oughter knew dis yere ole lockup like a-like a coop. He, he! Whosier yo' be, do yo' know whah my house is?"

"Yaas."

"Well, yo' run erlong an' bring me er crowbar outer my shed. Put yo' han' inside de do' an' it's in de corner. Fetch it hegh."

Azariah went and without adventure he returned with the desired implement, and at Henry's direction he handed it through the barred window. That gentleman grabbed it hastily.

"I'm mighty obleeged to you', an' I better not guess who yo' are, but yore shore a mighty little feller. Now, yo' better run erlong befo' de guard comes back from his supper. Nobuddy'll know 'twas yo' dat helped me out erway, sir! I shall git to Richmond as fas' as I kin till de smell ob chicken hos gone from de kunnel's nostrils—he, he!" he chuckled gleefully.

"Goodby," whispered Azariah Ichabod Peters. "I 'spect yore mighty happy to be free."

"Glory, chilley dat I am," said the grateful Mr. Woodson. "Now, yo' run erlong home, lil' Azariah Ichabod Peters Abraham Lincoln! I'm gwine ter be free!"

Azariah scampered away and reclaimed his molasses jug, and as he trudged the weary lonely two miles homeward every step of his soft rubber boots seemed to emphasize Henry's words in his happy heart:

"Lil' Azariah Ichabod Peters Abraham Lincoln."

CURING BAD HABITS.

Try a Little Self Hypnotism on Your Pet Weaknesses.

In a large eastern city is a professional hypnotist who has a wide reputation for curing the habit of intemperance. His method is dirt simple.

"There is no real hypnotism about it—unless it is a matter of self hypnotism," this professor once said. "I simply observe the mind process of the man that drinks and advise him how to reverse it. The subconscious soliloquy in the mind of the man that drinks runs something like this: 'When did I have my last ball? Whew! Long as that! I don't see how I stood it so long. Wouldn't have thought it possible.' And so on the victim repeats to himself on the principle that he needs this periodical stimulant just as it is necessary to heap coal on fire to keep it from burning out. In a word, that man self hypnotizes himself into the belief that he needs a drink.

"My advice to cure this craving is not to fight the appetite, but to fight down the cause that leads to the appetite. Let a man repeat to himself over and over again: 'I really don't need this drink. If I take it, it's simply a matter of pouring so much down my throat superfluously, for I could get along without.' Before long he will be surprised how instead of hypnotizing himself into drink he will hypnotize himself out of it."

Simple, isn't it? But if this self hypnotism or whatever you choose to call it is a cure for intemperance why is it not equally a recipe for curing other bad habits?—Chicago Tribune.

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

This Parisian Beggar Realized the Value of New Shoes.

Begging has long been a great art in Europe. By using subtle touches of misery and calculated effects of disease and dismemberment the beggar became a master of pathetic appeal. A delightful story of Dupre, the sculptor, is quoted by Hamilton W. Mabie in the Outlook.

Looking out of his window in a hotel one bleak wintry morning in the good old times, Dupre saw an old beggar sitting barefooted on the stone steps below. His heart was moved with compassion, and he began to search for a pair of shoes. He found two pairs, one of them new.

"Do not give the new pair away; you will need them yourself," urged his prudent wife.

"No," said the sculptor, "I shall find the old pair more comfortable. Moreover, if I am to give anything away I am going to give the best I have."

So he hurried downstairs and put the new shoes in the hands of the barefooted old man. The next morning the beggar sat on the steps as usual, and, as usual, his feet were bare. Dupre hurried down to him. "Where are the shoes I gave you? You are not wearing them," he said.

"No," replied the old man, "I could not wear them, excellency. If I did nobody would give me anything. I have pawned them."

Lakes of Blood.

The name Lake of Blood or its equivalent has been given to places as far apart as England and South America. "Sanguinetto"—i. e., the Lake of Blood—was the name given by the victorious Normans to the battlefield at Hastings, where the Saxons were overthrown and slain with terrible carnage.

For a similar reason Lake Trasimene has borne the name "Sanguinetto" because its waters were reddened during the second Punic war by the blood of some 15,000 Romans who fell before the troops of Hannibal.

Yet another Lake of Blood, called also "Yaguar Cocha," is situated in the state of Ecuador. It is one of a series of lakes formed by the extinct craters of volcanoes on the towering heights of the Andes range of mountains.

The Donkey's Head.

Among the most extraordinary pieces of symbolism known to have been used by the early Asiatics was a figure of a donkey's head used as a representative of the deity. There is no doubt whatever that the same emblem was once used among the Hittites, the Egyptians and one or two other nations as a symbol of their red god, Set. The superstition of the yellow donkey of India, the story of the swift ass of eastern Asia and the ass of Dionysius and many other marvelous ass stories are all survivals of that curious form of religious worship the adoration of the ass' head.

They Both Knew.

The fool said one day in the king's presence, "I am the king!" And the king laughed, for he knew that his fool was wrong.

A week later the king was angry because of an error he had committed and exclaimed, "I am a fool!" And the fool laughed, for he knew that his king was right.

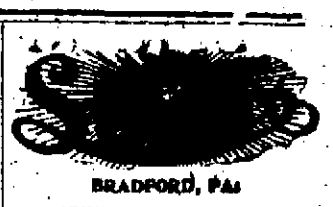
Not Much.

Howell—Reading maketh a full man. Powell—But if you get arrested for drunkenness the judge isn't inclined to accept as an excuse your statement that you have been reading.—New York Press.

The Only Time.

Thomas—Dad, when is the freedom of the city given to a man? Dad—When his wife goes to the country for the summer.—Harper's Bazar.

Every age has its problem, by solving which humanity is helped forward.—Heinrich Heine.



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No Fool Like an Old Fool

And in Love Young People Are Not Otherwise

By J. BERRY CRADO

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When I was fourteen years old my father one morning called me into his study and said to me:

"Frank, I have a letter from your Uncle Mark, in which he offers to take you to live with him and leave you all his property at his death. You know that, being a poor clergyman, I have nothing to leave you, and by going to your uncle you will eventually be rich."

"Do you advise me to accept the offer?" I asked my father.

"There is a certain important reason for my not wishing you to do so. Your uncle is a monomaniac. He has had a love affair which has turned out badly and has conceived what he fancies to be a hatred of all women. He declares that he will never marry, and his spleen is so great that he wishes so far as possible to prevent any woman from enjoying his property. He therefore makes it a condition with you that you shall bind yourself never to marry."

WM. JONES

"THAT INNOCENT LOOKING CREATURE."

Being too young to settle such an important matter for myself, my action was decided upon in a family conference or, rather, by my mother, who, being the last court of appeal in all matters pertaining to the household, decided that I should accept the offer. She gave no reasons in support of this decision, but it was supposed that she fancied my uncle might find a new love and his antagonism to women would vanish. In this case I would at least be educated by him.

When I went to live with my uncle he was forty years old. At that age a man, especially if soured by the miscarriage of a love affair, is not likely to fall into another one. Instead of softening toward the opposite sex his antipathy increased. His associations were not with young and pliable women, but with those of his own age. Something of his own crankiness in them drew sparks, as flint striking flint. One by one his unmarried women friends fled away from him, he shut himself up in his house, receiving only his men friends there evenings for a rubber at whist.

Had my uncle desired to bring me up to break my contract he could not have placed me in a position better calculated to bring about such a result. An old housekeeper was the only woman in our home except the negro cook. We do not covet what we have, but what we are deprived of. I went to school with boys and never associated with girls. From the time I was fourteen till I was twenty I did not know what it was to have a girl friend. When I saw them on the street going to school I would turn to follow them admiringly with my eyes. One day when I was about sixteen, walking with my uncle, one of those lithe creatures whose skirts extend only to their ankles passed me. He observed me turn and look at her.

"You have remarked, I see," he said to me, "that innocent looking creature. She is very pretty to look upon, I admit, but under that grace and beauty is poison—poison of the most virulent kind. She will grow up to womanhood without a spark of that sense of honor which is born in us men and which I and your schoolmasters are endeavoring to stimulate in you."

"Nevertheless, Uncle Frank," I replied, "she's mighty pretty."

A deep sigh was his only response.

This girl I used to meet every day as we were going to school. She must have seen admiration in my eye, for after awhile she would pass me with a very conscious look, casting her eyes in every direction except toward me, hitching her shoulders, brushing back a curl that hung on one of them or in some other way indicating that she was aware that a youngster of opposite sex was interested in her. In one of those meetings she was sufficiently agitated to drop several of her books. I took them up and handed them to her, she avoiding looking at me as if I were an ogre, a glance at whose face would turn her to stone.

Not having any assurance and desiring to give her a flower, one morning upon meeting her I dropped it on the pavement shortly before we passed. I turned, dreading to see her walk over it with her head turned contemptuously upward, and when I saw her stoop and pick it up my heart beat like a trip hammer. I considered that I had been a marvel of bravery. I wondered how I had dared do it.

What avail is it for the old to attempt to instill their ideas, their fears, their hopes—indeed, their varied experiences—into the young? It did not enter my head that this delicate creature would ever be aught but a thing of beauty and a joy forever. My uncle's prophecy had no more effect upon my heart than a drop of rain on my cheek. From the moment I saw her pick up the flower I had the courage to hand her openly. I was a changed man—boy. I grew bold as a lion. A few days later I went to school with a bunch of violets in my hand and on meeting her did not fear—marvel of courage that I was—to toss them to her. She caught them, and the smile she gave me set my heart adame.

And so Dame Nature went on with her work as quietly as if an old curmudgeon was not attempting to thwart her, as unconcerned as the violets I tossed to the maiden with whom she designed I should fulfill her intentions. Of what importance to me were my uncle's warnings that this sweet creature was a reptile with poison in her breast? And what booted it that I had made a contract with him never to marry? Marry. What had my love to do with marriage? It was love—love absolutely pure—that had taken possession of me. Marriage was something to be considered when I should reach what to me was an advanced age. And the girl! Between her and that something which falls to the lot of older people was still the gulf of some five or six years—an interminable period.

But time was passing more rapidly even than one realized. Before we had had time to come to that comparatively prosaic period when young people begin to talk of the love they feel—an advanced stage on the road to commonplace matrimony—we were separated, I going to college, she to a seminary. However, there were four years before us of love dreaming. I have always thought that we were especially fortunate that the period of feeling was so long in giving way to that of speech. There is in the former a delicious doubt, a fear that there will nothing come of it all, a dread that at any time we may hear that the loved one has entered into another such world far more beautiful than the first and leaving a horrible void for the forsaken one.

When we returned, an educated man and a woman, all was changed. The flower had opened, but there were a lot of thorns bristling about it. I knew that the result of love was marriage, and between me and marriage stood a fortune. Still I was no wise old man. I was merely one beginning life and endowed with the propensities bestowed upon mankind. I felt in honor bound since my uncle had brought me up for a certain purpose under certain conditions to fulfill those conditions. I was now old enough to realize the responsibilities I was under and that a carrying out of the contract with my uncle would involve the loss to me of my love. On one side of me was Sylla, on the other Charibdis.

Though I was twenty-one I was no wiser in love than when I was sixteen, and my uncle, who was past fifty, was a greater fool as regards such matters than I. The truth is the farther we get from that period when nature intends we shall mate the less we know about mating. When we are in it we and it are the truth; when we pass beyond it we know it by cold experience only. The boys and girls to whom in other matters we may be solons, in matters of love can act what we cannot even feel.

This analytical statement is preliminary to a confession. The first thing I knew I was married clandestinely.

The marrying occupied about three minutes, the ragged edge period that followed occupied months. Common sense should have told me to arrange the matter with my uncle first and marry afterward, but common sense is very sparing of visits to young people. It is supposed to be a natural faculty, but I am inclined to think it an artificial faculty. What does a pair of doves know about common sense?

After our clandestine marriage we lived in a perpetual whirl between alternate bliss and mental torture. At least I did. My wife, with the delightful stupidity of woman, said it would come out all right. Her prediction was followed by my uncle's suddenly falling dead of heart disease.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish: I was his heir under pledge of bachelorhood, and I was married. However, I was glad that the blow had fallen. I was tired of living under false colors.

Then what happened? Why, when the will was read it was found that the bulk of his estate was left to me and under a condition. What condition? Why, that I marry before I could inherit a cent of his money. There was a codicil leaving the income of $50,000 to a Miss Arabella Wagstaff during her life. What did this mean? And who was Miss Wagstaff?

It came out at last that even old people can sometimes be natural in matters of love. Miss Wagstaff was the woman with whom my uncle had had trouble in his youth and who had turned him against her sex. Shortly before his death he discovered that some forty years before he had made an ass of himself and had treated a girl very badly. He made amends so far as he could by leaving her enough to make her comfortable for the rest of her life.

"Didn't I tell you it would come out all right?" remarked my wife, making one of those illogical, irrelative statements for which women are famous.

"You'd better say," I retorted, "that in love matters all men, old and young, are idiots."

The Burglar Alarm

It Did Its Work Too Well

By EDNA BLAKEMAN

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"Did you lock the pantry door?" asked Mrs. Bradbury from her position halfway up the stairs.

Bradbury turned with a muttered exclamation and tramped back to the kitchen, where he rattled the pantry door viciously. "I knew I had locked it," he said in an injured tone as they took up the line of march for the second floor.

Once more Mrs. Bradbury paused and hesitated. "I can't remember whether I closed that window in the living room. You know, I opened it for a breath of fresh air and, Joe, do you mind going back and trying it?" she added persuasively.

Mr. Bradbury seriously objected. Mrs. Bradbury passed him with uplifted chin and sailed down the stairs. Her husband sat down on the landing and yawned drearily.

When she returned he awaited her coming with a portentous frown creasing his handsome brow.

"Heard you trying the pantry door again—for the third or fourth time since we started upstairs. You tried the living room windows for the fourth time and the parlor for the third time."

"I feel much more relieved in mind after I've tried them several times," said Louise amiably. "Let me pass there's a good boy, thanks. You know I always let Bridget lock the kitchen only tonight she's out, and I wanted to make sure everything was all right. Dear," said his wife seriously, "you are so very clever, don't you believe you might invent a burglar alarm, one that would prevent any one from entering the house at night?"

"I'll try, my love," promised Bradbury, rumpling his head in perplexity.

WM. JONES

"CLEVER, ISN'T IT?"

"I might as well put in my spare time trying to invent something. Perhaps I can make a go of it."

"Will you put it on the market, Joe?" she asked, running a comb through her golden hair.

"Certainly."

"What are you going to call it? It will have to have a name."

"I shall call it 'Bradbury's Burglar Alarm,' said the inventor after some thought.

"Call it 'The Bradbury Burglar Alarm.' It's ever so much better sounding," urged Louise, dinging a golden braid over her shoulder.

"Nothing the matter with that either," assented Mr. Bradbury, jotting it down in his notebook.

Many weeks ensued before any mention was made of the burglar alarm. In the meantime Joseph Bradbury each night followed his wife from window to window of their little home trying each catch and lock after she had fastened it and then waiting patiently afterward while she once more made the rounds.

As time went on Mr. Bradbury spent much time of evenings at his own especial desk in the corner sketching plans and making abstruse calculations on scraps of paper.

One Thursday night Mr. Bradbury hurried home from the office at 6 o'clock. He came out on the trolley, and with him he carried a shabby leather suit case which hung heavily from one hand.

"What have you got, dear?" Mrs. Bradbury kissed her husband and looked curiously at the suit case.

"Anybody around?" asked Bradbury cautiously.

"Not a soul. Bridget's afternoon and evening, of course."

Bradbury knelt down before the case and opened it. Within was a tangle of wires and rods and bolts. "I've got it!" he whispered.

"What is it?" She leaned over the suit case, her pretty face puckered with curiosity and impatience.

"The Bradbury Burglar Alarm," announced the inventor proudly.

"Then you did invent it?" she squealed joyfully.

"Sure I did. Now, I've made arrangements with the electric light plant to run a line down from their feed wire. It will connect with this and this and this," displaying the tangle of silk covered wire and other bits of mechanism. "All I've got to do is to switch on the current when I go to bed, and nobody can enter the house without 'tis big-boned. Will ring all those eighteen bells I've got here and set off a signal down in the constable's office, besides turning on fifty colored electric lights here and giving the intruder a heavy shock of electricity. How's that? Going some, eh?"

"Joseph Bradbury," said Louise, solemnly, "you are a wonderful man!"

"Nonsense, my dear," protested Bradbury, immensely flattered.

"When are you going to set it up?" she asked after awhile.

"After dinner. I've arranged for an electrician to be here, and we'll have the whole thing completed inside of a couple of hours. No need to do the lockstep tonight," he added jokingly. "We'll leave that to the chap that tries to get inside, eh?"

Three hours afterward, as the clock was striking 10, Mr. Bradbury closed the door after the departing electrician and rubbed his hands delightedly. "It's all right now," he cried enthusiastically. "Let us be off to bed, Louise, and wait for our burglar, eh?"

I will not go into details concerning the Bradbury burglar alarm, for its inventor has not yet decided to place it on the market. It is sufficient to say that it was a pronounced success as evidenced by their trials that evening. The electrician had tested the system by every clever device he could think of, but in every case he was neatly trapped by the delighted inventor. The lights flashed warningly in all colors of the rainbow. The wires did not shock the electrician, for he wore rubber gloves, nor did the bell ring in the constable's office, for they cut off that connection, too, but in the matter of colored lights the alarm did work beautifully, while the eighteen bells jangled diabolically.

"I wish all these wires and things didn't have to be so exposed," complained Mrs. Bradbury. "They look horrid hanging around the doors and windows. Seems to me your invention might have been simpler, Joe. It spoils the artistic effect in the rooms."

"Better be safe than artistic," snapped Joe impatiently. "Ready to come up? Shall I turn out the lights?"

Halfway up the stairs Mrs. Bradbury paused and turned with a theatric gesture. "Joe!"

"Well, what is it now?" he grinned. "Rest easy about the pantry door—that's fastened all right."

"It isn't that—your best overcoat!"

"What about it?"

"I left it on the clothesline. I put it out to air. It smelled of camphor, and I forgot to bring it in."

"I'll get it. Hold the candle while I disconnect this—there, confound it! I've dropped that little plug down the register grating. I can't get out of the house, Louise, until that plug is found—understand? Until—that—plug—is—found." Mr. Bradbury's voice showed the strain of an overworked stock of patience.

"Why can't you go outside, Joe? Do you mean that we're inside—held prisoners by that burglar alarm?" Mrs. Bradbury was frightened.

"You have stated the cold facts in the case," returned her husband. "This little plug is my own device. When it is removed from this hole the current is on all around the house. When I thrust the plug in the current is off—just the reverse of the usual method. Clever, isn't it?"

"Very!" said his wife drily.

That was the beginning of a strenuous night. The furnace pipe that led to the hall register down which Bradbury had dropped his plug was taken down and found empty. Then it was replaced amid much dust and disorder in the cellar and the search continued all over the hall floor without result. At midnight Mrs. Bradbury suggested that they run the risk of losing Mr. Bradbury's best overcoat and go to bed, as that gentleman had just made an unsuccessful attempt to escape from the house by a second story window.

It was then that Bridget Lanigan arrived home, weary after a long afternoon of unalloyed pleasure. Her attack on the kitchen door was followed by an ear splitting shriek that brought the neighborhood out of their beds. Then it was that the Bradbury burglar alarm demonstrated its efficiency. The colored lights flashed intermittently all over the house; the eighteen bells rang incessantly; the constable and his aid rattled up on motor cycles, while Miss Lanigan proceeded to rend the air with her cries of pain.

When the tumult was over, when the current had been shut off from the feed wire and Bridget had been released from her unhappy position more frightened than hurt, for the current had not been a very heavy one after all; when the constable had been liberally fed for his trouble and all the neighbors had enjoyed their laugh to the utmost, Mr. Bradbury slammed the front door viciously upon the outside world and confronted his wife.

"Now, what are you going to do, Joe? You look desperate. Bridget says she brought in your overcoat at 2 o'clock, so you need not have tried to get out and"—

"My dear," said Bradbury with a great effort at self control, "Good night!"

Then when he was alone Mr. Bradbury proceeded to undo his earlier work of the evening. He tore down all his wires and other adjustments and restored the house to its "artistic" atmosphere. What he did with the debris from this devastation is not recorded.

When he had finished he went carefully around the house and locked each window and door. Then he made a second trip and tested each one.

"What are you doing, Joe?" called Louise from the stairs.

"The lockstep!" grunted Mr. Bradbury, with a grim smile at his own wit.

FOUGHT IN THE TREES.

Curious Duel Between a Pair of Fire Eating Frenchmen.

In the swashbuckling days of the early part of the nineteenth century the dueling hero in France was the Marquis Merle de Sainte-Marie, whose affairs of honor were almost incessant. One of these is said to have been so ridiculous that it helped to set in motion the current of feeling that has since made dueling so much less honorable than it once was.

It appears that one day there called upon the marquis one Pierrot d'Issac, himself a famous duellist. Now, in French pierrot means sparrow and merle means blackbird.

D'Issac struck himself on the chest with emphatic dignity. "Marquis," said he, "I am a Bonapartist and you are a royalist. Moreover, I am the sparrow and you are the blackbird. It seems to me that there is one bird of us too many."

"I quite agree with you, monsieur," politely replied the marquis, "and my choice is pistols, and, as is appropriate for birds of our species, let us fight in the trees."

Pierrot d'Issac was agreeable to this unique suggestion, and as if it were not a sufficiently ridiculous thing that one man should challenge another because his name was Sparrow and the other Blackbird the duel was actually fought from trees. The seconds stood on the ground below.

At a given signal the pistols were fired, and there was a rustling among the leaves of one of the chestnut trees. Pierrot d'Issac came tumbling to the ground "like a ripe chestnut," as one of Sainte-Marie's seconds expressed it, whereupon Merle de Sainte-Marie in a facetious mood began to chirp triumphantly in imitation of the song of the blackbird. D'Issac waited till he had recovered from his wound and then challenged Sainte-Marie for the chirp.

This time there was nothing amusing about the encounter. It was fought with swords, and Sainte-Marie was badly wounded. The sparrow had avenged himself on the blackbird.—New York Herald.

A Disguised Toast.

At one time the officers under Lord Howe refused to drink his health at their mess, for, though a splendid admiral, he was not popular in the navy on account of a certain shyness and want of tact with those about him. The chaplain, who was a protege of his lordship, was mortified at this and determined that the officers should drink to Lord Howe. When called upon for a toast one day he said, "Well, gentlemen, I can think of nothing better at this moment than to ask you to drink the first two words of the Third Psalm, for a Scriptural toast for once may be taken from one of my cloth." The toast was drunk. Not one of the officers indicated by word or look that he was ignorant of the words alluded to. On referring to the Bible it was found that the Third Psalm begins, "Lord, how are they increased?"

Worth Her Weight in Butter.

Curious customs still prevail with regard to marriage. In some parts of Uganda the custom is to offer six needles and a pack of india rubber for a wife. Some of the Kaffirs sacrifice oxen. The Tartars of Turkestan give the weight of the prospective wife in butter. In Kamchatka the price varies from one to ten reindeer. Some savages require a certain amount of labor. Among the aborigines it is said the current rate for a wife is a box of matches, which prompted a Paris contemporary to speculate whether one of the French government boxes would be accepted.

Light on a Dark Subject.

Caller—There's one question I should like to have answered. When a thought flashes across the intellect does it effect any molecular changes in the cellular or muscular tissues composing the material substance of the cerebral mass, or does it operate merely in the realm of the spiritual ego, thereby leaving no trace subject to detection or classification in the domain of substantiality? Information Editor (turning again to his desk)—There is no premium on the coin.—Chicago Tribune.

Swell Set Credentials.

Mrs. De Butt (making out a list of invited guests for dinner)—Can you think of any others?

Mrs. Von Setter—There is Mrs. Rumbac.

"I had thought of her, but she did not try to smuggle."—Philadelphia Ledger.

One Exception.

Nearsighted Old Man—I say, did you break the record?

Aeronaut—No, but I broke everything else.—Judge.

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NEW YORK HORROR

ENDS LIVES OF 141.

(Continued from Page 1.)

ders and started up, only to be driven back by the fire that was now feeding on the wooden window casings and burning as rapidly as though fed by oil.

The clang of the fire apparatus coming from all directions and the shouts of the imperiled attracted crowds from every direction and soon the streets leading into Washington Square were jammed.

As each body crashed down into the street the spectators were almost insane.

Women and men fainted from the horrors of the sight, while others hysterically sank to their knees and prayed and cried, completely unstrung. Over on the Greene street side of the building 15 women and girls jumped one after the other, so close that they collided in the air. Fourteen of those were instantly killed.

It was a frightful and indescribable scene. Firemen struggled under great odds to cope with the situation and each moment added to death's harvest. Every life net available was brought into play, but most of them were useless. They seemed merely to serve for a target for the terrified victims and they jumped so fast that the nets were broken and the men and women who had hoped for life, crashed through and were crushed to death, their blood being scattered over the firemen.

One woman jumped from the top floor only to have her dress catch on a broken awning stanchion. Her body hung there and remained, a living torch until the clothing charred through and then the unfortunate victim fell to the pavement beneath.

Inside the building other terrible scenes were being enacted. There were two elevators running when the fire started. One was in charge of Joseph Zito, 23 years old, and the other John Gregory. Each made a number of trips to the upper floors, running through the smoke and flame. Finally the Gregory elevator jammed at the bottom and he was compelled to desert it. As he left there was a thud on the roof and a second later half a dozen bodies came down, life being crushed out upon it.

Morris Blank, one of the partners in the waist manufacturing firm, and his wife, his two children and the latter's governess, were in the office when the cry of fire was raised. He rushed out of the door and joined his partner, Issac Harris. Together they held back the men and pushed the women into the elevators and down the stairways. It was only when the elevators were useless that the de isted and made their own escape.

The great throng that gathered in First avenue and Twenty-Sixth street after the news of the fire and the fearful loss of life went abroad many of them weeping old men and women whose daughters had been their sole support, kept vigil all daring the night.

Th[illegible] of the [illegible] lives of the [illegible] and of the blind and [illegible] hold life less [illegible] money.

Consensus of public opinion today fixed the burden of the responsibility for the frightful loss of life upon Rudolph P. Miller, superintendent of the bureau of buildings, and upon George McAneny, president of the borough of Manhattan, who appointed Miller to office and is his immediate chief.

Fire Commissioner Waldo made a thorough investigation of conditions existing in the building, although he has no authority over the enforcement of building or fire laws or the [illegible] of fire escapes and he is [illegible] vices see that a building [illegible] fire proof as well as fire proof.

The official statement of the results of his investigation is a terrible indictment against the responsible city officials.

He found that the one fire escape was practically useless—a ghastly pretense in the name of compliance with the law. The stairways were steep and narrow—too narrow for two persons to walk them abreast—and on the floors of the Triangle Waist company obstructed by iron gates, so that the employes could be penned in like cattle. Mr. Waldo declared his belief that the doors and one of these gates were locked at the time the fire occurred.

Both Mr. Waldo and Chief Crocker declared that the life-saving apparatus of the fire department is inadequate in a case of this kind where hundreds of employes are girdled in by flames in the top stories of the tall loft building.

They declared that their life nets are among the largest made and of the best and latest improved type. These life nets, however, proved unequal to the strain of sustaining human bodies falling from such a height. They did not believe that any net would prove effective in the case of persons jumping from such a height and Chief Croker called attention to the fact that single bodies of women who leaped from the windows broke through the thick iron, concrete and glass dead lights in the sidewalk.

Governor Dix, District Attorney Whitman and a number of organized bodies as well as prominent women declared their intention to fix the responsibility for the great catastrophe and bring the guilty to justice.

The cause of the fire was definitely fixed to-day. It started in the northwest corner of the cutting room of the Triangle Waist company on the eighth floor. A lighted cigarette or match was tossed into a pile of clippings. The floor was littered with tinder-like scraps of cloth, waste and lint, and the fire spread as though from an explosion.

It is claimed that a warning message was sent by a telegraphic writing machine to the employes on the top floors reading: "Run for your lives; the building is on fire," but as it was received just at the closing hour it was regarded as a joke.

More than 50 bodies, nearly all of them women, were found piled up to the height of a man's shoulder jammed up against the iron grill door which locked them in from the stairway. This door was one of those which were kept locked to pen the employes in during working hours and to enable the foremen to search them before they went home.

The pity and horror of the loss of life of the helpless wage-earning girls in this group was that they could see the stairway just outside which led to safety but were compelled to beat helplessly against this barrier under the tortures of the approaching flames until they dropped writhing and prayed for the calm of death.

Chief Croker himself discovered this group and declared it was the most shocking sight of inconceivable torture and deplorable loss of life he had ever witnessed.

The bodies recovered which were partly recognizable were practically all identified to-day. They number 87 out of the 141. The rest of the bodies are burned almost beyond any chance of recognition a nd many of them were stripped of all effects or identification marks by the flames. Two of these bodies probably never will be identified and will have to be buried in a common grave.

A CARD.

To the Public:

SOME TIME AGO I offered a VALUABLE PREMIUM to the party that visited the NORTH OF BAY COUNTIES EXHIBIT CARS from CALIFORNIA and write up a description of their visit, one that the public could read and thoroughly understand, what a wonderful collection this is of the natural products of the land and sea. No one so far has done it, all fall down on the job, especially on the MONSTER SHARK, as all are not students of ZOOLOGY.

This specimen is so large it staggers them. Still we have books that tell of the Basking Shark 68 feet long, twice as long as this one. We all can read of whales, sharks, devil-fish, mammoth tortoises and sea turtles and other denizens of the deep, but OBJECT LESSONS like this go far ahead of reading.

Please remember, ONLY TWO of these MONSTERS have been preserved for public exhibition, this one and one in the private museum of Prof. David Starr Jordon of Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, California.

When we invite you to come and inspect this wonderful collection of curios we know that NONE OF YOU has ever seen such a collection brought right to your door for the small price of admission, 25 cents, and you will appreciate it.

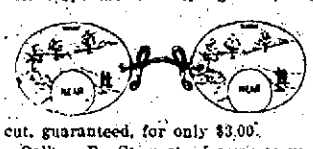
Respectfully,
M. LEAK,
Manager North of Bay Counties Exhibit Cars.

At Smethport Pa., S. & N. station, April 17, 18 and 19.

FROM MANUFACTURER TO PEOPLE.

Dr. A. Russell Stewart of Bradford, Pa., representing Gordan & Morrison Optical Co., of Chicago, Ill., will be at the Imperial Hotel from Monday noon, April 3, to Saturday, April 7.

Dr. Stewart is a graduate of Nuther Optical College of Illinois and a member of Penna. Optical Society and the National Association of Opticians. He will test your eyes, and has some gold filled glasses guaranteed for years, with real crystal lenses (Trust opticians charge $5.00) for $1.50. Double vision spectacles or eye glasses, like



cut, guaranteed, for only $3.00.

Call on Dr. Stewart. I come to you well recommended as to skill and responsibility. If you have cataracts or granulated lids I will guarantee to dissolve them and cure granulated eyelids. I have over 5000 satisfied patients in McKean and Elk counties.

My office is at 18 Chambers St., Bradford (phone 746-I) where I have been for the last 12 years. If anything is not as represented call at my office I will make it right or refund the money. All lenses guaranteed 2 years. Call early. I can fit and make correction of eyes as well evenings as daylight.

DR. A. RUSSELL STEWART.

WHITE ROCK EGGS, $1.00 per sitting. B. S. Bayle, Smethport. 30-tf

AUDITORS' REPORT OF KEATING TOWNSHIP

A. G. FARLEY, Collector, in account with Road Funds of Keating Township for the year 1910:

Dr.		
To balance of uncollected road duplicate of 1909	$ 1190 40	$1190 40
Cr.		
By exonerations allowed on 1909 duplicate	$ 233 37	
By paid over to M. S. Comes, treas., Sept. 1, 1910	356 81	
By paid over to M. S. Comes, treas., March 16, 1911	300 00	
By due from Farley, collector, to balance 1909 duplicate	296 02	$1190 40
Dr.		
To amount of road bond duplicate for year 1910	$ 2089 22	$2089 22
Cr.		
By paid over to M. S. Comes, treas., 1910 duplicate	$ 1199 95	
By 5 per cent. rebate allowed taxpayers on $1263 00	63 15	
By 2 per cent. commission on $1199 95	24 00	
By paid over to Comes, treasurer	150 50	
By 5 per cent. commission on $150 50	7 97	
By due from Farley, collector, to balance 1910 Bond duplicate	634 65	$2089 22
Dr.		
To amount of road (with per capital) duplicate, 1910	$ 3179 28	$3179 28
Cr.		
By paid over to M. S. Comes, treasurer	$ 1799 94	
By 5 per cent. rebate allowed taxpayers on $1812	92 10	
By 2 per cent. commission on $1719 94	34 99	
By paid over to M. S. Comes, treasurer	274 73	
By 5 per cent. commission on $274 73	13 73	
By due from Farley, collector, to balance 1910 Road duplicate	1013 79	$3179 28

M. S. COMES, treasurer and secretary of Keating Township, in account with the Road Funds of said Township for year 1910:

Dr.		
To deposit in Grange Bank, last report	$ 1307 65	
To received of Farley, collector, 1909 duplicate	303 47	
To received of Farley, collector, 1909 duplicate	358 81	
To received of Farley, collector, 1909 duplicate	300 00	
To received of Farley, collector, 1910 duplicate	1749 94	
To received of Farley, collector, 1910 duplicate	274 73	
To received of C. N. Curtis for blank (furnished County)	13 00	
To received of County Treasurer Isherwood	718 61	
To received of Collector Farley, error in deposit	1 00	
To received of Collector Farley, Bond fund, used for road	1129 90	$6180 13
Cr.		
By orders paid labor and team work	$ 2400 [illegible]	
By orders paid taxpayers using wide-tire wagons	19 50	
By orders paid John Stratton, roadmaster	310 00	
By orders paid C. H. Curtis, roadmaster	151 40	
By orders paid Frank Ripley, roadmaster	102 80	
By orders paid E. B. McKeirn, roadmaster	56 25	
By orders paid A. Peterson, roadmaster (1909)	20 00	
By orders paid N. C. Hyde roadmaster (1909)	14 00	
By orders paid for freight and material	892 72	
By orders paid for water troughs and snow fence	51 00	
By orders paid supervisors' expenses	132 36	
By orders paid printers for publishing	39 50	
By orders paid stationery	6 00	
By orders paid attorney's fees	112 15	
By orders paid road signs	140 00	
By orders paid debt and interest	136 50	
By orders paid auditors' fees	36 00	
By orders paid bridge work	495 00	
By orders paid Penn Bridge Co., bridges	650 00	
By orders paid hardware	68 94	
By orders paid machinery	7 50	
By orders paid right-of-way	22 00	$6180 13
Road Bond Fund.		
Dr.		
To amount received of Farley, collector, 1910 duplicate	$ 1350 45	
To amount received of County Treasurer	419 70	$1770 15
Cr.		
By amount paid interest on bonds	$ 200 00	
By amount paid road fund out of bond fund	1129 90	
By amount in Grange Bank to balance	438 25	$1770 15

LIABILITIES OF KEATING TOWNSHIP

Bonds	$ 4000 00	
Borrowed of Grange Bank	1500 00	$5500 00
RESOURCES.		
In hands of A. G. Farley, collector, to balance 1909 duplicate	$ 278 02	
In hands of A. G. Farley, collector, to balance 1910 bond	634 66	
In hands of A. G. Farley, collector, to balance 1910 road	1013 79	
In Grange Bank	438 25	
Liabilities in excess of resources	3115 29	$5500 00

We, the undersigned auditors of Keating Township, having examined the accounts of A. G. Farley, Collector, with respect to the several duplicates of the road funds of said Keating township, and M. S. Comes, treasurer (and secretary) in account with the several road funds of said township, do find and report as above stated.

S. B. CRAWFORD,
ALLAN OVIATT,
WILLIAM TANNER,
Auditors.

March 28, 1911.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale on the premises in Bradford township, McKean County, Pa., on

MONDAY, APRIL 10, 1911,

at 2 o'clock p. m., the following piece of property:

Defendants' interest in ALL the oil, petroleum or gas in, under or upon that certain tract of land situate in the Township of Bradford, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

Being lot No. (30) thirty-six, as shown on F. E. Boden's map of the Mack lands located in the southwest corner of Warrant No. 3308, containing forty-two (42) acres of land, more or less, with all the rights and privileges contained in the deed of said oil, petroleum and gas to J. K. Merlin, et al, from F. E. Boden and wife, dated September 11th, 1888, subject, however, to all the conditions and reservations contained in Deed from F. E. Boden and wife to A. B. Smith, dated August 10th, 1888, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 35, pages 101, etc., of the Records of McKean County; Together with one well, gas engine, tank, and all fittings, fixtures and appurtenances situated thereon and to said well belonging; Being the same oil and gas right conveyed to the parties of the first part hereto by Nora Bolton and husband by deed dated September 10th, 1910.

Improved and having thereon 2 Oil Wells, 1 Wood Rig, 1 Tank, 1 Gas Engine.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Sherman Skaggs, Birt Skaggs, and Rose Skaggs, doing business as Skaggs Brothers, at suit of Nora Bolton.

Mullin & Mullin, Plaintiff's Att'y.
WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., March 23, 1911.

LICENSE TRANSFER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the application of Chester S. King present residence Port Allegany, McKean County, Pennsylvania, occupation, Hotel Keeper, for the transfer of a Retail Liquor license granted to the said Chester S. King, May 9, 1910, at a large frame building situate on the south side of Mill Street adjoining the railroad crossing on the west side and near to the railroad depot in the Borough of Port Allegany, McKean County, Pennsylvania, and known as the Sartwell House, at June Sessions, 1910, to sell vinous, spirituous, malt and brewed liquors, by retail, in quantities not exceeding one quart, to a three story frame building situate on the north side of Mill Street, corner of Railroad Avenue, formerly known as the Allegany House, also in the Borough of Port Allegany, County and State aforesaid, will be heard by the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, at Smethport, Pa., on Wednesday, April 5th, A. D. 1911, at 2 o'clock p. m.

FRANK R. FOSTER,
Clerk.
GALLUP & SHATTUCK, Attys.

March 14th, 1911.-3t

Automobiles

I have secured the agency for Stoddard-Dayton cars for Elk and McKean counties. If you are thinking of buying an automobile, consult me. 33 different styles; any color desired. Prices range from $1200 to $4000.00. Demonstrations given to prospective buyers.

J. W. WITTMAN, Jr.,
Agent,
ST. MARYS, Elk County, PENNA.

Horses for Sale.

One pair of six-year olds, well matched, good workers and good drivers, weighs 2800.

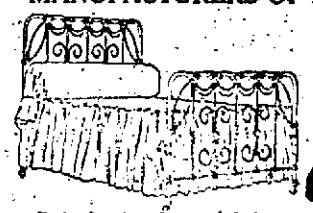
One odd horse, 8 years old, good single or double. Phone 148-L or address

ALBERT E. HACKETT,
Mch.2-4t. Smethport, Pa.

ADAMS-GARFIELD BEDDING COMPANY.

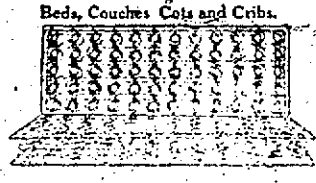
PITTSBURG, PA.

MANUFACTURERS OF BEDDING EXCLUSIVELY.



Beds, Couches Cots and Cribs.

Felt, Cotton and Combination Mattresses.



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BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORY. Enclose this "Ad" or Name Paper with Answering

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of Spring styles in shoes for all sizes of feet, we have everything that is handsome in shape and quality. For man, woman or child, we have an elegant array of Spring footwear that will suit the most fastidious at

ANDERSON & CARLSON'S,
The Shoe Men,
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IT TICKLES THE PALATE

of the man who knows good liquors. Our famous old READING RYE has a flavor all its own—a delicious flavor that comes from purity and age. You will like this brand and you will like the price.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
Wholesale Liquors,
Smethport, Pennsylvania.

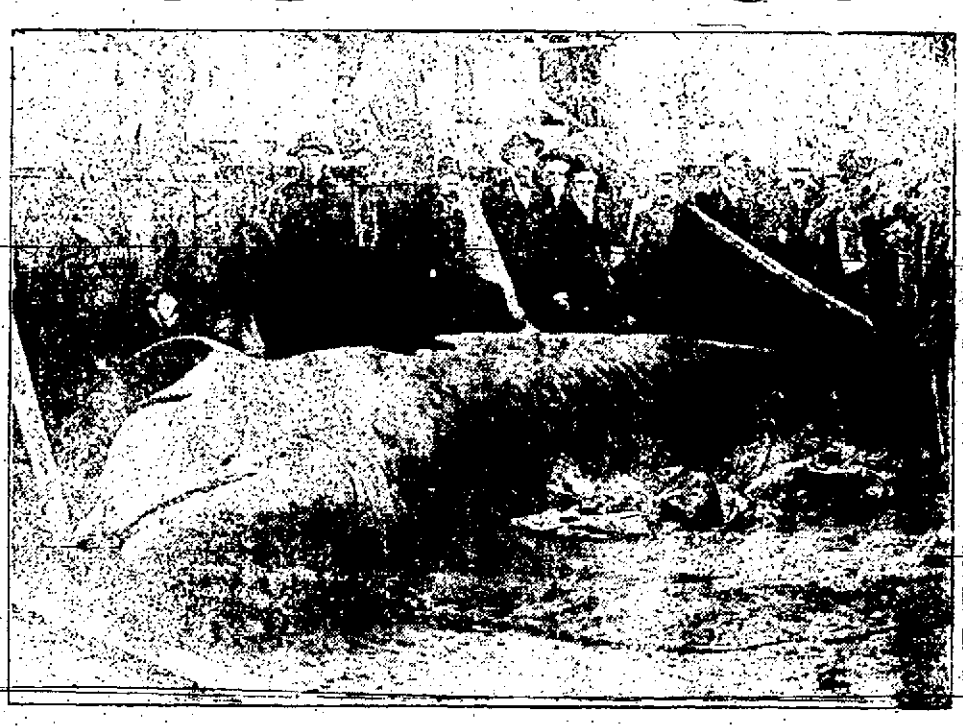
COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Prefumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

COMING!



THE MONSTER SHARK ON THE BEACH AT MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

Now One of the Thousand Curiosities on the

NORTH OF BAY COUNTIES EXHIBIT CARS FROM CALIFORNIA.

Undoubtedly the Largest Fish EVER Captured, the Only One on Public Exhibition in the United States, Except One Belonging to the Private Museum of Prof. David Starr Jordon, of Leland Stanford University, at Palo Alto, California.

36 FEET LONG, WEIGHING 10,383 POUNDS, 460 YEARS OLD,

AND OTHER WONDERS.

MAN-EATING SHARK.
HAMMER-HEAD SHARK.
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LARGE DEVIL FISH.
MONSTER SEA TURTLE,
ALLIGATOR,
FLYING FISH,
GILA MONSTER,
CALIFORNIA OSTRICH,
DOUBLE-HEADED LAMB,
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And Over 1,000 Others, Together With the "Wonderful" Products From Our Orchards, Vineyards and Ranches.

EVERY VISITOR Receives a Beautiful Sea Shell, Novelty Made of the California Big Tree, Pampas Plume or One of the Lucky Sea Beans, FREE, as a Souvenir. DON'T MISS IT. (See Small Bills Later.)

To be at Smethport, Pa., April 17, 18 and 19

At the P. S. & N. Rail Road